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CHARLES SYKES' POEMS.

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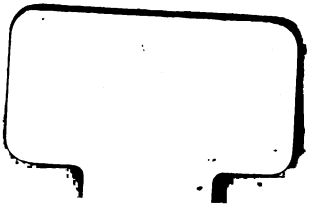

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MY EVENING HOURS

AND OTHER POEMS.

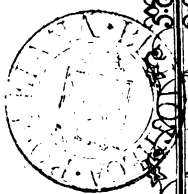
BY CHARLES SYKES,

WESTGATE-HILL, TONG-STREET,

Near Bradford, Yorks.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



"Alone, he cries, in self-reproachfulness—
'Why have I spent this precious day for naught?"

ADWALTON:
FEARNLEY BROTHERS, CAXTON-BUILDINGS.

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE.

280. n. 217.

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MY EVENING HOURS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES SYKES.

ADWALTON:
FEARNLEY BROTHERS, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

1870.

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PREFACE.

A Preface to a Book is as a Chairman to an Orator or a Singer. A Preface shows forth the good qualities of the Book; a Chairman in an encouraging manner explains the qualities of the coming Oration, and draws the attention of the congregation to the voice of the Orator.

In composing my Poems it has been one of my best efforts to aim at originality, which I believe I have done to the best of my knowledge; also it has been one of my greatest objects to describe the fair beauties of Nature in as true and as lively a descriptive manner as my best abilities were able. I know that I am neither a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Pope, a Moore, a Burns, nor a Byron, nor a Tennyson; but I am that which I am. Like all other degrees and qualites of workmen, in all branches of trades, so it is with Writers—they excel each other, yet they all strive and do their best; therefore, if men would be sensible they would not brag and do their worst to defame each other, but thank God that he had blest them with superior abilities to their inferiors.

I have sung my best, and I have pleased myself with singing; and if I please a few, it will give me this satisfaction—that I have not sung wholly in vain; for I cannot expect to please all. But I will leave the reader to judge for himself. If I have sung well my work will live; if not, let it die like all other worthless things. If I have sung well, surely it will be discovered by some good and impartial judge, who, if it be in his power, will help it on its way to public notice, so that I may reap the benefit of my deserved labour, to aid me in my declining years.

As regards severe criticism, either in grammar or harmony of verse, I am not going to cringe beneath the scowl of any one: I have done my work according to the best of my judgment, and I think it is understandable.

C. S.

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POEMS.

The Husband to the Wife, June, 1864.

(A COLLOQUY.)

THE cottage stood within the wood;
Through polish'd window glass
Peep'd in the moon, and silvering shone
Where first we courted, Lass.

The cottage garden, drest with flowers,
Embower'd half by trees;
For thee I waited there by hours,
Among the evening breeze.

And when I whistled dearest come,
Old Willie ope'd the door
And call'd "Begone, thou tiresome one!
Young gent, come any more."

Then to delight you till you laugh'd,
And frighten me to run,
He shoulder'd well the long-brush shaft
At me as 't were a gun.

What joyous times were those, dear wife!
How blest we were to meet;
But still I love thee now, as then,
Which makes my love complete.

The Wife to the Husband.

THE warmest, purest, truest, love
Thou'st had and hast for me
Is sanction'd by my faithfulness
For ever still to thee.

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With an attentive, listening, ear,
Oft in that cot I sat,
Expecting thy shrill whistle, dear,
To hail me soon or late.

Those ever dear, remember'd nights,
Awake my senses yet;
That happy time of sweet delights
I hardly can forget.

The pleasing tales Old Willie told
Of love in early days
Were pictur'd scenes portray'd in gold
In my young mind always.

What glorious winter evening hours
I spent in that fair cot!
Bright starry rays, in golden showers,
Fell on that quiet spot.

And when the raging, angry, storm
Howl'd through the naked wood,
High in its elemental form,
I loved the solitude.

And round the cottage glowing fire
We form'd a circle small;
And talk'd and listen'd to the ire
Of winter's tempest howl.

And when the gentle, balmy, breeze
Of lovely, smiling, spring
Blew calmly on the budding trees,
The cuckoo came to sing.

There, too, the joyous minstrel lark
Rose from the flowery sod,
And sprang to heaven's celestial gates
With sweetest song to God.

The warblers of the leafy wood
Pour'd forth their welcome songs—
Melodiously, purely flow'd
Rich music from their tongues.

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But now the woodland scene is spoil'd—
The dwelling torn away!
Where Willie in the garden toil'd
I mark its ruins lay.

And when the stranger passes by
Where that neat cottage stood,
No flowery garden meets his eye
To grace the branching wood.

No more shall aged pilgrims call,
To rest their weary feet
When stormy winter snowflakes fall,
Nor shade from summer's heat.

And I who sing this lowly lay
Delighted there to dwell,
And through those peaceful shades to stray
As evening shadows fell.

Ah! there I thought to spend my days,
Though I had lived till old;
And when inspired to sing my lays—
But now the tale is told.

Prospects for England.

GOOD prospects for England seem almost be-
Britannia weeps for her heroic sons; [nighted,
Ill-fated, we murmur, by indigence blighted;
Care-worn, abjected, as young veiled nuns.

The time was when England beam'd out in bright
Her brave-hearted sons were the mighty [glory—
[ones then;
Her banners of commerce the wide world's story,
Art, science, prosperity, shone on her men.

Dear England, how happy thy sons and fair daughters,
Ere tyranny forced them away from their isle
To kingdoms remote, as war's bloody slaughters
Invade a good people quite willing to toil.

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While virtue, in misery and wretched starvation,
Drags on an existence in indigence pale;
Fat luxury swells out in rich pomp through the nation,
And tyrants are paid well to filch and to rail.

O England, my native, fair, land of bright beauty,
I love thee far more than my song may express;
Would heaven smile on us again and repute thee,
Our praises should thank thee for care and success.

Transform every tyrant's hard heart into kindness,
Make England a nation of righteousness chaste;
Disperse from mankind the black sin of self-blindness,
That master and servant be no more debased.

Now Pure Religion is Drowned in Pride.

NOW pure religion is drowned in pride,
The hearts of the wealthy are harden'd,
The fair marriage knot in the bastile untied!
Can sin, black as this, go unpardon'd?
The old man and wife—the poor aged in want—
In bastiles are sunder'd for ever!
Which shortens their moments, repining in scant,
O England, why boast of being clever?

Sweet Charity, Freedom, where, where, are you
Lamenting the deeds of Nineteen? [now
You marvel at actions that England doth show
While reigneth so godly a Queen.
All poor men of England, arise and declare
No man from his wife shall be parted
By the laws of the bastile;—arise without fear,
And fight till we die or be chartered!

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To my Mother.

FULL forty years have pass'd away since thou
Breathed thy last breath, dear Mother, on this earth;
Faint are my recollections of thee now,
Remembrance brings no scene of playful mirth.

Yet in thy breast there burn'd as pure a flame
Of firmest love as warms a human form—
A mother's love; I prize the very name
Of mother more than any other worm,

Save wife and child—but these are not my theme—
For thou did'st love me with sincerity:
This is no idle, vain, poetic dream—
My love, dear Mother, still is fresh for thee.

When I was in my helpless infancy
Was I not then thy dearest gem on earth;
Was I not then more treasure far to thee
Than gold could buy, or mines of silver worth.

For thou did'st take me in thy loving arms,
And nourish'd me with milk from out thy breast,
Survey'd my little infant rosy charms,
And sang and soothed me in my cradled rest.

When pains unknown awoke me from my sleep,
Thy tender care was ever to appease;
Raise from my face a smile where tears did steep,
And gave me cordial to give me ease.

'Twas thee who taught me first to lisp my name,
And teach'd me how to walk by tender care,
And guarded my unsteady, tottering, frame—
In all its waverings thy saving hands were near.

And thou did'st smile with all a mother's pride
When I could lisp thy name, and father's too;
And play with thee while standing at thy side,
And bless thee as an infant then might do.

But fate forbade thy life to be preserved—

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Thick clouds of anguish overhung my head,
Fierce as the blast that sears the tender sward—
The lightning's blast in awful grandeur red.

Few were the years that blest me with thy care:
Relentless Death with callous fury came,
Snatch'd from the world, in awful, dread, despair,
Thy dear protection and life's tender flame.

Full in thy glorious summer, prime of life,
With the bright rose and lily on thy cheek,
And all the blended beauty—pure and rife—
That Nature gives to woman mild and meek.

O had'st thou lived to bless me with thy care,
What happy hours I should have shared with thee!
A mother's love enjoyed from year to year—
That love of earnest, spotless, purity.

Oft have I in my early, youthful, days
Shed tears of anguish for the loss of thee;
Wander'd alone, on Nature's face to gaze—
The charms of nature solace were to me.

For solitude to me was doubly dear;—
Yes, I did wander in the pathless wood
To listen to the warblers wild and clear:
Their melody was Music's richest flood.

Thus past my years till I became a man,—
And O the times that I have dreamt of thee!
In visions saw my mother's form again,
And thought that thou had'st come again to me.

Oft have I craved to know the very spot
Where thy dear ashes crumble in the dust;
Although ere long perchance 't will be my lot
To sleep within Earth's verdant, flowery, crust.

Long may the earliest robes of smiling Spring
Deck the green grass where thy dear ashes sleep,
Sweet o'er thy grave the lark his anthems sing,
While morn's rich, melting, dew fair flowers steep.

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Song.

THOU Genius who protects and rules
The seasons in succession,
Come and inspire with holy fire
My Muse in her progression.

Sunshiny Spring comes smiling in,
Sweet as a little infant;
Rich robes she wears, bedew'd with tears,
All lovely, pure, and pleasant.

Green woods and wilds, hills, vales, and fields,
With flowers decorated;
Wild forest birds sing songs like Bards
Whom nature celebrated.

Rich Summer, gay with blazing ray,
Like youth in vigour blooming;
And high delight, so brisk and bright,
All charming scenes resuming.

Thus for a while rich Nature's smile
Delights and cheers our spirit—
The rosy nook in Natures book
Both youth and age prefer it.

High, waving, woods hide broods of birds
In greening, calm, recesses;
Wild warblers sing, the vistas ring
With hymns of purest blisses.

Rich, golden, fruit our eyes salute,
The laughing landscape's gladness,
The yellow corn, the huntsman's horn,
The trembling game in sadness.

Now Autumn moans; gay nature's blooms
Are fading now all over—
The falling year, the woodlands sear,
All human eyes discover.

The scatter'd locks of trees on rocks,

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And fading, spangled, mountains,
And valleys bare, show all must share
The fate that will surmount us.

Now, Winter next, like age perplex'd,
Comes trembling and repining;
And Nature's face, with mournful grace,
Seems with her troubles joining.

Cold, barren, hills, and frozen rills,
And silent vales, where pleasure
Was found in spring, delights no thing;
Now faded all their treasure.

Thus seasons hie as moments fly,
And years each other follow;
Times speedy wing brings tender spring
Again, green, white, and yellow.

To the Rev. EMMANUEL EMMETT, of Birkenshaw Hall.

HERE now I view the ancient pile
Where Reverend Emmett dwells,
Whose shady, garden roses smile,
And look o'er distant dells.
The lark has sung his evening song,
And sunk to silent rest;
And all the sylvan, warbling, throng
Are hush'd in mossy nest.

The pale, celestial, Queen of night
Shines in her silver car;
Through cloudless skies, rich, golden, light
Streams down from many a star,
And tinge the whole with heavenly dye
Of pure, resplendent, hue;
While sweetly comes the fragrant sigh
The roses from them throw.

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Fair, rural, paradise of flowers!
Where fruit-trees blooming stand,
And high, umbrageous, shady, bowers,
The beauty of our land.
Sequester'd vale where murmuring bees
Invite my Muses' dreams,
And grottos, canopied by trees,
Near silver, pebbled, streams.

Where rosy health, by fountains pure,
With violets rich perfume,
And woodbines fragrance sweet, procure
A vigour to our bloom.
Where beech-trees' beautifullest green
O'er shades the sweetbrier's rose,
And where the jesamine is seen,
Its grandeur to disclose.

Where verdant hills are white with sheep,
And lambkins sporting round;
While shepherds pipe themselves to sleep,
And all in peace are found.
Long may Old England's landscapes green
Display their ancient halls
Amid rich, rosy, sylvan, scenes,
To grace their homely walls.

And may their sons still wiser grow
In love to all who toil,
That friendly peace may still increase
Throughout our native Isle.
And long may summer's roses shine
Bright in the garden view,
While all the hues of green combine
To keep its beauty new.

Here, too, may Reverend Emmett live,
Enjoying peace of mind,
With all the blessings life can give,
Still on his God reclined.
O ever dear, old, homely, spot!
To one of settled mind;

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Domestic peace a happy lot,
With life's rich comforts joined.

The palace, with its splendour grand,
A greater scene displays;
But does its master's mind expand
To pure and holy ways?
So now I quit this rural lay,
Where summer roses blow;
Long may this pile of ancient day
Grace bonny Birkenshaw!

A Paraphrase on the 23rd Psalm.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I never shall want,
Whatever is righteous to me will he grant;
He makes me lie down in green pastures where shines
The brightest of verdure on Canaan's confines.

He leads me by waters refreshing and still,
Restoreth my soul to his righteous will;
His all-loving kindness and fatherly care,
His worth, and his wisdom, and goodness declare.

Yea, though through death's valley I walk, I'll not fear,
His rod and his staff shall protect me while there;
A feast he prepareth in sight of my foes,
Anointeth my head, and my cup overflows.

Ah! surely his goodness, and mercy, and love,
Shall follow my footsteps through life as I move;
And I who with confidence rest on his word
For ever will dwell in the house of the Lord!

Among the Green Leaves.

AMONG the green leaves of the beautiful spring,
Rich melody's heard near the river to ring;
The chants of the linnet are sweet to my ear—
So tenderly, feelingly, pleasingly, dear.

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The lay of the blackbird, the woodlands among,
Delighteth my spirit with wildness of song;
The heroic throstle, that through the long year
Contentedly whistles so joyously clear,

Delights me in winter, like redbreast so bold,
Sweet, carelessly, singing, defying the cold;
Yet precious, rich, minstrel of spring—merry lark!
Thy anthem's more pleasing than all that I hark!

When the rainbow's expanding the mountains afar,
How welcomely sweet is thy hymn to my ear;
While the sunbeamed showers 'neath sable cloud
Makes earthly things lovely and richly refines. [shines,

Bright green leafy trees, birds' songs and the flowers,
Are the glory of spring in her sunshiny showers;
O how it delights me the scene to survey!
So sweetly inspiring, so lovely and gay!

Sonnets.

I.

IS not the Diamond the purest gem?
A precious stone that shines spontaneously?
Adorns the monarch's golden diadem,
And valued for its richest purity?
Are not the Stars the glory of the night,
The ornaments of heaven's canopy?
The wisdom of their Maker and his might?
The poet's theme and his delight and joy?
Has God not hung those bright gems on his way
That naught but Time's great opportunity
Can e'er arrest their monumental stay
As long as man shall own his memory?
While gems adorn a monarch's golden crown
Those Founts of light shall their great Maker own.

II.

When I behold Hyperion shining rise

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In his bright vestibule at early morn,
Smile on cold nature, with his beaming eyes,
In barren winter aged and forlorn.
And when I hear sweet Redbreast's silvery note
Come like a charming spell of music sweet,
So pleasing and delightfully replete,
Melodiously upon the breeze to float.
And when with snow I see the meadows white,
And spotless as the fenceless fields of space,
Then I sweet Redbreast to my home invite,
To dine with me, and all his warbling race;
And when I see him near my dwelling fly,
Of bread I know he wants a fresh supply.

III.

Are not the Trees the ornaments of earth?
Look on the green fields in the leafy spring—
They wave their giant arms as if in mirth,
While merry warblers on their summits sing.
When I behold their thousand hues of bloom
Adorn the garden, and the field, and wood,
Freely dispensing forth their rich perfume,
The passing breezes blending with their good.
And when refreshing morn's silvery dew
Falls on the blushing bloom of beauties gay,
How happily the lovely scene I view
While walking at my leisure on my way:
The cattle on a thousand hills rejoice,
Ten thousand songsters raise an equal voice!

IV.

Is the quick fire of my invention dead,
That I no worthy subject can select?
My awkward Muse, like me, no more be wed?
On glorious nature never more reflect?
Has inspiration, like a passing thought,
Departed from me, never to return?
Or are my thinking powers over wrought,
Like wearied Nature in her winter urn?

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Is not my Mind a member of my frame?
My world's sun, the cheerer of my clay?
The noble essence of my will and way?
The Man within life's weak surviving flame?
Yet daily toil, in close confinement twined,
O'er tires the body and impairs the mind.

V.

Here take this offering for the Sabbath-day,
Which thou hast granted to thy beings on earth
That they may read thy word, and preach, and pray,
And meet together from all sinful mirth.
This is the day of holiness and light;
This is the day for weary toil to rest;
This is the day in which thy saints delight;
This is the day which thou, O Lord, hast blest.
This is the day when thou did'st rest from toil;
This is the day when thy great work did end
Making the heavens down on the earth to smile,
Like one that smiles upon a friendless friend;
For Earth, receiving Heaven's friendly glow,
Reflecteth back the smile he did bestow.

VI.

Is not my Mind a garden gay? where grow
Eternal fruit-trees and unfading flowers?
Whose grand variety of beauties show
A paradise of ever-blooming bowers; [fruit,
Where spreading branches bear such pleasing
That you behold it in your mind's clear eye,
Both Which fair, blooming youth and age doth suit,
That love the rainbow in an April sky.
Thus is my Mind a lovely landscape scene,
Protected by the north and western hills;
Where southern breezes fan the vale serene,
Whose sweet, wild, warblers sing by rippling,
Whose fair inhabitants in plenty live, [rills;
Doth humbly take and generously give.

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VII.

Had I a Mind expansive as all space,
Investing all worlds in her canopy,
Nature and God are in her vast embrace—
The great Eternal from eternity.
Did I possess a mind of all philosophy,
To comprehend the knowledge of all things
In heaven above and in the earth; thereby
I might attain the ministry of kings.
With all the virtue of the human kind,
And every manly feeling, reasons eye
Would smile with joy upon so well combined,
So justly just to please my Deity.
If to the world such greatness I display'd,
With mortal reverence I should be repaid.

VIII.

But such must never be:—my lowly lot
Is, hard to labour for my daily bread,
To early rise, and feel the cankering blot
Of suffering daily indigence, instead;
To be what I had never meant to be—
To be a toiler in unwholesome air—
A working-man of very low degree.
Hard struggling with a life of care—
For want of cash how often I despair—
And such is all for lack of education.
To feed my intellect, and to prepare
My manly mind for a deserved station.
My lot adversed, my days now spent in ruth,
For want of proper training in my youth.

IX.

When men shall read and scrutinize my rhyme
To find a fault, that they may laugh to scorn
My simple verse, and aid destroying Time
In his destruction, though but newly born;
What shall I say, if fault they cannot find?

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Well, I should be surprised to prove it so,
For imperfection is with all mankind,
And will be, though they wise and wiser grow.
Thus I content myself in my imperfect state,
Well knowing I perfection cannot reach;
And though I would my dear self elevate,
To attempt perfection, I should make a breach.
Out-reaching at perfection's holy height,
O'er balanced fall with unprotected weight.

X.

Impartial Time, thou great philosopher,
Inspector of the great, and wise, and good,
Who shall thy posting feet from speed deter?
Who shall detract thee from thy truthful mood?
Thy searching eye, the worthy shall protect—
Thy stentor voice be heard above the crowd;
Wisdom shall smile, believe, and thee respect,
Thy earnest words sincerely be avow'd.
Thou art the witness, with a bashless face,
Pointing to trusty records of the just,
The good, the wise, and worthy; thou do'st trace
Their names, call from inanimated dust,
Impresses them with thy own type divine,
And passing years but make them brighter shine.

XI.

Has human weakness told thee thou art great?
Be humble-minded, wisely sensible.
All human honours are but daily prate,
The proud to flatter, and the good beguile.
Ne'er entertain that greatness is with man,
For human reason is but weak indeed;
Weakness has own'd him since the world began,
Or Christ for him had not to intercede.
Altho' thou would'st exalt thyself to fame,
What is that fame when thou art gone away?
It is a bubble in life's little game,

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Which bursts in nothing but a transient ray.
If thou would rise to glory without end,
Be resolute to make thy God thy friend.

The Lord my Righteous Judge shall be.

THE Lord my righteous Judge shall be,
My Fortress in my anguish; he
Shall guide my footsteps through life's vale,
In health and sickness—when I fail.
In manly strength of body low.
I'll take the good he shall bestow;
And thank him for his holy care;
His acts of goodness I'll declare.

And lift my voice and soul on high
Sincerely, with a filial eye;
And praise his Holy Spirit, free
From wickedest hypocrisy.
O may he give me sense to know
The greatness of life's blessings, now!
And show me clearly how to walk—
How his good Spirit to invoke;

And drive away that darkness which
Deprives me of those blessings rich
That Wisdom wills to holy men,
Which makes life's virtues purer when
Man's faltering footsteps feebly move
Towards the close of life; that love
To God, ingrafted in my soul,
May riper grow, and make me whole.

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MY EVENING HOURS.

"Hail sovereign Goodness! great, productive, Mind!
In all thy works, thyself inscrib'd we find."—*Blacklock.*

I.

AM I not past the centre of my age?
Should I not meditate on better things
Than I have done ere now?—like some good sage,
Who, by example, noble glory brings
To his good name?—then let me strike the strings
Of my lone harp, and nobly try some strain
Melodious, full of delight—which flings
A pleasing charm, an everlasting gain,
To him who reads this song of mine; which were it vain—

II.

Were it a vain song he should never read
A line of it, for it should ne'er be seen
By any one; for I would rend and tread
It 'neath my well shod feet. Up with the screen!
'Tis winter, and the fields are no more green,
But gray and barren; and the stormy wind
The leafless trees is shaking, and the scene
Is gloomy; and a mournful sound unkind
Comes with a chill. My cot brave Robin Redbreast finds.

III.

My little, humble, dwelling is within
The precincts of thy woody, shelter'd, brake,
And thou art doubly welcome to come in
And take a share of what I now partake,

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And hop about, or a brief farewell take,
  And sing thy cheerful, pleasing, winter song
Where thou delight'st the solitude to wake.
  Sweet winter Bird! I would not do thee wrong,
For I delight to see thy breast the woods among!

IV.

Am I not like thee, sweet, wild, warbling, bird?
  Do I not sing my pleasures and my joys?
The glorious scenes of nature I record.
  I love to see the spangled winter skies;
I love to see the illumin'd Moon arise,
  Ride in her silver car of splendour, quite refined,
While all around her borrow'd glory flies,
  And tinging richly whatsoe'er it finds,
Making night beautiful to please our mortal mind.

V.

See lovely, silent, Nature, and behold
  The limpid pool is frozen into glass!
A thousand variations now unfold
  Their crystal beauties, which do far surpass
Man's pencil and his art. Amid the grass
  Fine fretted work of Nature meets the eye,
In crystalized most rich transparentness;
  More beautiful than all that I pass by,
That pregnant Nature pencils 'neath the starry sky!

VI.

And as I meditate and move along,
  Surveying Nature's workings pure and bright,
The well shorn edgerow, standing firm and strong,
  A frame of countless forms of mirrors, light
Reflecting spangles of the winter's night;
  Which glorify surrounding earth and heaven,
Making all lovely to the ravish'd sight.
  Heaven's ornaments have bountiously given
To the glass'd earth refinement pure and even.

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VII.

Behold the barren, leafless, woodlands all!
What shining threads expand from spray to spray,
In crystal twine, out-spreading like a pall
Of sparkling diamonds: The moon's rich ray
Falls like a beam of glory, to display
The curious canopy: the silentness
Which now prevails makes night more dear than day.
Dear Winter scene! as grand thy smile is as
Gay Summer's rosy laugh of wanton wilingness!

VIII.

But ye sweet feathered Warblers of the woods,
Where are you now? Weak, helpless, little Birds
That chanted forth such wild, melodious, floods
Of precious music, purer far than words;
And thou sweet Minstrel that so well accords
With my best feelings, in the smiling Spring;
Where art thou now, Musician of the broods?
Thy song doth inspiration with it bring,
For gladden'd Nature smiles when thou the sky doest ring.

IX.

The beauteous Regent of the silent night,
Bright, marching through the midst of azure gay,
Deluges now the space with silver light,
Making all glorious on her heavenly way!
The twinkling Stars shed forth their lessening ray,
Illumining the azure vault afar,
A pure, celestial, glory they display.
He with His finger guides each glowing star,
As on its shining way we view it twinkling clear.

X.

Are not the satellites celestial flowers?
Vicarious, shining through the realms of space?
Is not the milky way a starry bower

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Of countless millions which the eye may trace?
Are there not millions higher far apace
Of other suns and satellites as bright?
For ever circling round in brilliant grace;
Fix'd in attraction's powerful frame of might,
They move in glorious order for God's sole delight.

XI.

"Time writes no wrinkle" on those flaming worlds—
For ever shining and for ever new;
From all eternity around they've hurl'd,
As on their course they now their rounds pursue.
He by His wisdom knows—as first he knew—
The great beginning and the mighty end:
From boundless knowledge form'd the plan He drew;
And who but He shall cause these worlds to rend
Asunder and be thrown in great confusion blend.

XII.

Look at the Telescope's refracting powers!
Which penetrates through countless skies on high,
(Which hang above this little world of ours),
And man beholds in wondering ecstacy
Revolving worlds in clear reality,
Attendant on their ever-flaming suns,
In all the vast and awful majesty
Of god-like grandeur, till amazement stuns
Man's weak, unsteady, head, while giddy round he runs.

XIII.

Are not Philosophers the stars of men?
Are they not teachers of the human race?
Are they not luminaries rarely seen?
Their wise inventions the machinists trace,
Fraught with utility they science grace—
Ancient and modern are alike esteem'd—
Coppernicus, Kelper, what can erase?

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Galileo and Newton great are deem'd;
Ferguson, Hershall,—all have with brightness beam'd.

XIV.

Are not their names impressive as divine?
Do they not merit mortal praises long?
Immortal glory on their names must shine
While generations on the earth prolong,
In history and true harmonious song;
For they are worthy of undying fame!
Men yet unborn shall rise amid the throng,
And honour give to each yet honour'd name,
As I am doing now in a poetic flame.

XV.

Down to the fossil'd Earth I now descend,
Wherein the chalk and limestone oft abound,
Preserv'd sea-shells and fishes which did blend
In ocean's waves; great animals are found
Entombed, once deeply deluged in the ground;
Nor has man found their kind existing now
Among the quadrupeds seen in nature's round,
A fossil tree, brought from the deep I saw,
When in its resting-place 'twas in the coal mine low.

XVI.

Deep in the bowels of the cavern'd earth
There is a shining city. People dwell,
And husbands, wives, and children there have birth;
A polity and laws they have as well,
According to our modern chronicle.
There mines of salt are glittering with the lights,
Trying, as 'twere, bright daylight to excel!
The dazzling splendour strangers all excites,
With varied beauty the subterraneous scene invites.

XVII.

Good roads and horses, water, pure and cold,
And luggage carriages for them to draw,

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Laden with salt, but not there to be sold,
  They take it where they then no farther go,
And send it upward from their world below—
  Yet sometimes they ascend the deep abyss
To breathe the solar air; and, beside, to know
  If men above are doing aught amiss;
And see their friends, and share with them an hour
    of bliss.

XVIII.

And Britain has her palaces below,
  Where colours rich in variation shine
As beautiful as Poland ever saw,
  In all the brilliance of work divine!
Does not Mont Blanc, array'd in moonlight fine,
  Surpass those palaces below afar?
Say, do those mighty rocks of crystal brine
  Equal in beauty, vie with ice, as clear
As richest diamonds in gayest tints appear?

XIX.

Have I not seen the dangers of the deep?
  Have I not heard earth's thundering bowels shake?
And seen men sent to everlasting sleep,
  Or till the time when every eye must wake?
Seen lighted vapours, like a hell to make,
  Of rolling waves, of awful, flaming, fire—
And yet how beautiful that fiery lake
  Was to behold! but painful was its ire,
Yet O what multitudes of men in such expire!

XX.

And I am one to earn my daily bread
  Far, far, beneath where shines the glorious sun;
His golden beams their lustre never shed
  One luminating ray! Thus light is gone!
And everlasting darkness reigns alone,
  Save when the glimmering taper palely shines
Along the lonely path to light each one

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Through strait, meandering, low, and rude inclines,
Where strong sulphurous gases exale from out the mines.

XXI.

Who stands the first in the laborious class
Of artisans for all the public good?
Does not the Miner other men surpass?
Dispensing comfort all the world abroad:
The kingly palace and the cottage would
Be nothing but rude homes of poverty
Without a fire of coal to cook our food,
And make our homes just what we feel and see.
Rich Mineral! thy worth rightly valued cannot be.

XXII.

Does not the Miner venture every day
His precious life to get this mineral?
Yet O! the little pittance do they pay
For life and labour, and his useful skill!
Does any artisan beside fulfil
As great a task as he for human weal?
Does any man his life as fast distil
Away? Mention the business, mortals, all
Which brings to man mortality as fast as getting coal.

XXIII.

Including all the train of sad mishaps
Now daily chronicled for men to read.
When at his daily work, the unseen traps
Fall on the careful miner's bended head—
A limb is bruised or broken, blood is shed;
His useful life is often taken hence!
His body number'd with the silent dead!
His poor, disconsolate, inheritance—
His wife and family—in tears and want commence.

XXIV.

Look at the industrious miner who has spent

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His better days in strict sobriety—
In virtuous actions made himself content—
Reserved the little that his family
Could barely spare to soothe infirmity
And sinking age, should heaven decree that boon;
Unable now to labour constantly—
His strength quite finish'd yet good-health keeps on,
His little all wastes fast, and now completely gone.

XXV.

Still he is hale in his far riper years;
But now his wonted cheerfulness is o'er,
Each soothing comfort quickly disappears,
His homely happiness enjoys no more!
Depress'd in mind, forlorn, and old, and poor,
The once industrious, noble-hearted, man
Behold him walking to the bastile door!
Now weak and trembling, and his cheeks as wan
As unfed want: he sinks into the tyrant's span!

XXVI.

O that the British Miners would be wise!
And look to their own interests as they should!
And learn to be quite sober, and despise
The snares of ruin as wise people would;
That time and unity, might, like a flood,
Sweep their worst temporal impediments away!
Then the brave miners who have long withstood
Tyranic's piercing lash behold the day
Beaming with brightness on their prosperous way!

XXVII.

And ignorance would vanish like the night
Before the bright imperial prince of morn
Array'd in all his dazzling beams of light,
The eastern hills in beauty to adorn!
Far learning then would miners' homes delight;
And peace and plenty soon would crown their board;

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Sweet happiness would make each home as bright
  As is a palace of contentment, stored
With every needful thing to satisfy its lord!

XXVIII.

O happy time when such a time shall come!
  "O heartfelt rapture! bliss beyond compare!"
When miners' sons shall build a noble dome
  For art and science—to be learned there;
Exalt their minds with knowledge rich and rare;
  And plant in them the genuine seeds of truth;
And make life's pilgrimage a pleasing care,
  A useful day devoid of cankering ruth;
A blessing to mankind, the aged and youth!

XXIX.

Blest is the benefactor of mankind!
  The smile of God rests ever where he dwells!
And men delighteth such a one to find;
  Beloved, revered; his name with honour swells;
His every generous action goodness tells;
  The praises of his name with honour swells;
Their every want he cheerfully expels!
  He, like the sun, afar outspreads his fame,
And brighter shines his final hour the same!

XXX.

It is the sabbath! Let me worship God!
  He now surveys throughout the earth afar,
Surmising men who move upon the sod,
  And all their doings both in peace and war.
O! if, great God, that I may even dare
  To lift my voice to ask thee to compel
The bloody strife to end, and let the star
  Of peace shine on America, and dwell
With them and us, and all war from the earth expel!

XXXI.

O let me give to God my earnest praise!

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And I will give him all the glory too;
For he has made me! Ought I not always
To worship him?—It only is his due.
Then let me willingly the right pursue—
I've negligently gone another way,
But he my sinful nature seeth through—
Ten thousand times I know I've gone astray,
Yet God is good, and he forgives if right we pray!

XXXII.

Do not our works characterize us here?
They are the very guide, the very glass,
Wherein men look and see us as we are:
Our actions speak to people as we pass—
Brighter or blacker than each other class.
The word of honour, or of redicule,
Is whisper'd by the knowing ones: alas!
There goes a man or else a simple fool,
To speak and do what's right; then let such be my rule.

XXXIII.

I know that men are very apt to see
The sins of others sooner than their own;
Then let my acts surmised be by me,
That if I can correct my worst deeds known,
My memory has to my judgment shown.
By doing goodly actions to retrieve
The whiteness of my soul, I may lie down
In peace, by God forgiven; for I believe
That if we ask sincerely he will us reprieve.

XXXIV.

I know my sins are countless as the stars
Which twinkle in the firmament of heaven;
But God is just—'tis only man that errs—
He is our hope! We trust to be forgiven
When we in faith and earnestness have striven.

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Then may I now, henceforward, live in peace
With God and man, how e'er so e'er I'm driven:
My cares and crosses they will only cease
When life expires. From earth my soul will find release.

XXXV.

Shall I not leave some vestige when I die
To testify that I have been on earth,
And spent my time in something worthily?
Of being born to sorrow and to mirth?
I would my talent was of weightier worth
Than what it is; but let me nobly strive
To conquer lowliness, and battle forth
With all my energetic powers, drive
In manly dignity: this verse may me survive.

XXXVI.

I know the star of Fame is far and high,
And they who reach it, fearlessly must climb;
Then let me, like the Eagle that doth fly
And mounteth in the heaven, more sublime
Than all the feathered tribe that lightly skim:
His eye fix'd on the glories of the sun,
He boldly soars away—let me, like him,
In spite of stern oppression, bravely run
And climb, and reach Fame's star which shines for ev'ry one!

XXXVII.

And yet how many who have nobly striven
"To scale the steep where Fame's proud temple shines"
In regal glory have been downward driven
To desperation? How my heart repines
For such, deprived of honour! such divines!
To sink into oblivion, who hard wrought
For honest fame! Yet how Misfortune twines
Her wheel about, and down he comes to naught

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Who toil'd for that great Name which never can be bought!

XXXVIII.

There is a grave in Leesfield green churchyard
Wherein my little sons and daughter sleep:
Of their sweet company I am debar'd,
And grass and flowers only o'er them weep.
My tears have long since ceased their lids to steep,
Yet my three darlings never are forgot!
Long as I breathe, their memory will I keep;
For though it was my helpless, luckless, lot
To lose them, yet in me they fill their wonted spot!

XXXIX.

When we were blessed together I had dreams
Of future blisses, homely hours of joy!
But such were not reserved for me, it seems:
My feast of life is nothing but alloys;
Of sickly care which overpowers and cloys
My drugg'd soul's appetite; and though I seek
In Recreation's world yet, far from noise,
For healthy festives for my Soul to take,
How often she disdains them all for sorrow's sake.

XL.

Thus I am like a lover broken-hearted:
Who fix'd on one fair spirit for his life,
But death deprived; and thus his love was thwarted,
His paradise exchang'd for heartfelt strife,
His sweets all fled: a cup of bitters rife
Remains for him. He takes one left behind—
His eyes behold no more his youth's sweet wife,
Altho' the one he takes be lovely, true, and kind,
She cannot thrill (like her) the feelings of his mind!

XLI.

Her priceless form is glass'd in his mind's eye;

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Yet time can quench the flame of youthful love:
Altho' the heart for years may heave and sigh,
Experience has taught me such to prove.
Though they are gone whom once my soul could move,
And though I love them yet, which fit I should—
They were my own, for them my best I strove;
For it was in my nature that I would
Engage my strongest efforts for my family's good.

XLII.

A little hill near Rocher valley smiles,
Upon its sides some rosy gardens shine,
Where people oft resort from many miles
For recreation, and to taste of wine—
Of "poor man's wine," as Burns, not the divine,
But minstrel, sings; and on that pleasant hill
A little village stands, nor proud, nor fine.
We dwelt there years;—I seem to see it still—
Its name is "Alt;" our children play'd by Rocher Rill.

XLIII.

Their hours were happy, but their days were few—
Dread sickness came and blighted many a bub;
Then came the King of Terrors, and he slew
Them at his stubborn will, nor all that could
Be done by us to rescue them was good.
O! who can tell a heart-struck mother's grief
O'er her departed children? Many a flood
Flow'd from her swollen eyelids for relief
In silent anguish: they of all our joys were chief.

XLIV.

Yon consecrated spot* I once could see—
Yes, I could visit that dear, sacred, place,
And think how happy they were once with me!

*Lees field Church, near Oldham.

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And I could view each lovely, smiling, face
Full in my dream, as I the past did trace.
Now often do I for my darlings sigh!
My mighty loss, whatever can efface?
Soon after, I beheld their mother die!
And her dear, little, lovely, smiling, infant boy!

XLV.

But these are buried in another spot—
In Bradford now they sleep in silent rest;
It was her wish, and thus it was her lot,
And it was mine to weep in silent grief
The loss of her I happily possess'd—
My greatest comforter I ever knew;
And though my loss is long since past,
Yet I can feel it soon would rise anew,
For I can scarcely with my solemn song pursue.

XLVI.

O! who can tell how hard it is to lose
The richest gift that ever Heaven gave?—
A tender wife, the sharer of my woes,
The sharer of my blisses? She did pave
My path of life as smooth as I could have
It made, with cheerfulness and purest love;
For she was honest, noble-hearted, brave,
And far too condescending to reprove,
To make me happy, she sincerely, always, strove!

XLVII.

And I delighted in her very form—
She was a treasure greater than the earth
Can e'er bestow on me again. The storm
Of life has been to me a dreary dearth;
Since she departed I have known no mirth
To half compare with her society.
I cannot estimate such priceless worth!
United joys in grand variety!
For she forgave my faults, and smiled all lovingly!

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XLVIII.

When I look back on brighter times than now,
I then behold my wife, and children small,
With cheeks as rosy as the bud that grows
In infant spring, beneath the trees so tall,
In bright-green edgerows, or by water fall;
How lovely is the charming scene to me!
Their little, prattling, tongues would tell me all
Their infant joys, and she would smile to see
And hear them tell me all in innocentest glee.

XLIX.

And I was blest in their sweet company—
O happy days! O heartfelt rapture past!
Not all the joys this world affords to me
Now e'er create a happiness to last
So brightly on my mind, and give so vast
Amount of pleasure pure, of priceless bliss,
As when my wife and children I possess'd.
Those homely joys I've long and sadly miss'd—
My Esther's cheerful smile, and our children whom
I kiss'd!

L.

I have a remnant of her left to bless
My future days—I hope it will be so—
May she be like her mother, and no less,
In all things good, and still in goodness grow:
Then she will glad my sight, and thus bestow
Rich comfort to my fast declining days,
And peace will still reign with us, with a glow
Of pure affection, which will ever raise
A sire's blessing, a crown on her, of lasting praise!

LI.

What splendid language hast thou written there,
Great Byron! Harold's pilgrimage is good—
Where is the bard that does not prize it dear?

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Where is the man that's read and understood
Thy mighty travels—scenes on land and flood,
And all which did so beautiful appear—
But speaks with honour to thy name?—and should—
Thy workmanship is noble, grand, and clear,
And thou art quite surpassing, I pronounce thee here.

LII.

How marvellous thy talent must have been!
For thou hast left us something wonderful
To read, to study, and digest. Each scene
That thy great pen has drawn is beautiful,
Impressive, wild, or grand, or dark, and full,
Or awful—just as thy great self could scan,
And quite enchanting, and beloved by all,
Save sophists, and those mortals who will not
Speak truthfully of all who well deserve some note.

LIII.

Thy glorious verse is ever dear to me!
Thy manly style surpasses all I've seen—
So fluently, so eloquently, free
From obstacles: such show me thou hast been
Most strictly careful of thy work. I ween
Thy matchless verse is ancient history,
Painted in colours gay as Sheba's green,
When fair before King Solomon was she,
In richest dress known in that foreign land to be!

LIV.

What title shall I give thee, noble Byron?
Thy works are mighty! thou must be the same,
For they are all that I can judge upon:
If they are mighty, such must be thy fame—
It must be so—thou meritest the claim!
Thus thou art mighty! Tho' for ever gone
Thou singest yet, and still will sing the same,
And tell us many a grand, immortal, story
In measured language clad in songs' rich, regal glory.

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LV.

While infant Spring with flowers decks the lea—
  While rosy Summer brightens morning skies—
While ripening Autumn dances merrily—
  While aged Winter, naked, doubly sighs—
And while lone Echo to his name replies—
  Thy noble Name through age to age will shine:
(The powerful scythe of Time thy fame defies,)
  Thou hast described too well the river Rhine,
With all her mountain scenery, to sink into decline!

LVI.

While sails the gallant ship o'er ocean wide—
  While sings the bard high on the watery main—
While inspiration lifts the soul of pride
  To pleasant joys, and leaves a world of pain
A little while, for some more blissful gain—
  Thy noble Name immortalized shall stand;
The ocean was thy glory—thou hast ta'en
  A sweeter pleasure in her movements grand
Than all thy soul hath felt beside upon the land!

LVII.

Thy faults were faults which trespass upon men;
  Thy failings were the failings of a man;
Thy goodness canopi'd those failings when
  Pale want and sorrow to thy refuge ran.
Thy days were few—thy life but half a span,
  And thou didst spend it for poor mortals good:
To help the needy was thy golden plan—
  Thou wert the poor man's friend! Few understood
Better the cares of life ere last thou cross'd the flood.

LVIII.

For thou hadst to contend with trials great,
  Yet thy heroic spirit never fell—
Thy soaring muse would rise to scenes elate,
  And in the mystic realms of Nature dwell,

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There sing to soothe the soul, and to compel
The anguish of the heart to vanish hence!
Thus thou wert wise!—such sadness to dispel!
Against low evil it was thine to fence,
Or sure thy cares, at times, they must have been immense!

LIX.

Yet thou wert blest, compared with such as me—
Thy privileges gave thee boundless scope
To take thy pleasures on the dancing sea,
And from the scenes thou hatedest to elope,
And left thy foes with their own hate to cope,
Whilst thou didst visit other pleasant Isles,
There spent thy days in labour and in hope
Of calm contentment, where bright Nature smiles
Throughout the year in living glory's flowery piles.

LX.

There thou didst satiate thy hungry soul
With multitudes of Nature's noblest scenes;
And in full-told felicity there stroll'd
Among her rosaries and evergreens,
And sang, and saw Creation's gayest beings,
And soothed thy sorrow'd spirit into peace
With rich variety which intervenes
Each change of Nature's grandeurs, which increase
In loveliness of beauty, as refinements grace.

LXI.

The frowning mountain, clad eternally
With glittering ice and snow of whiteness pure,
Swept by the skimming clouds and the wide sea,
Was thy delight and study, its allure
Was welcome to thy lonely soul: as sure
As thou beheldest it with beaming eyes
Quick Inspiration in a moment threw her
Imperial mantle o'er thee—thou didst rise
And take up Nature's book and sang her majesties.

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LXII.

Thus thou at times wert in felicity,
Mingling thy being with majestic scenes
Of glorious Nature, boundless as the sea,
Charming thy lofty mind to pleasant dreams,
While Inspiration, bland, melodious, teems
Rich words of music clad in songs' attire,
Glowing with beauty, pleasing as the beams
Of pure delight! Thus Nature's robes inspire
The minstrel bard who strives some greatness to acquire.

LXIII.

Dear Shaw, where is thy pen which should have writ
Some pleasing tidings of thyself and others?
Hast thou forgot the friendship which I merit?
Are we not friendly as good kindred brothers?
Our being sprang, I know, from different mothers,
But faithful friendship's generating spray
When rightly grafted, what is it which smothers,
Or deadly sears, and takes its life away?
True friendship never, never, can, while here, decay!

LXIV.

Say—is thy bosom press'd with inward grief,
Which sinks thy spirit into silentness?
Arise!—and stand up like a conquering chief
Who shows the master in his mightiness!
And bids defiance to all lowliness;
For who is he who sinks in dark despair
Who knows himself possess'd of worthiness?
If he be sane, his rights he will declare,
Nor turn aside for no one, tho' a king should stare!

LXV.

Or art thou married to some lovely fair,
And lost completely in her loveliness?
And quite forgot thou hast a friend elsewhere

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Who would rejoice in thy chaste doveliness,
And wish you rich success, and earthly bliss,
And all the comforts that a king and queen
Share in their honeymoon's long, loving, kiss—
Rare, priceless, moments, such as I have seen
When first I knew the joys of curtain life and screen!

LXVI.

Or art thou quite reluctant wandering
About from place to place in search of work?
Like some poor, abject, mortal, pondering
Who sees o'erwhelming penury lurk,
Like a tempestuous sea when all is murk,
To ruin him? Be thankful, honest Shaw,
That thou canst buy good bread, and beef, and pork;
And make thyself contented, for although
The times are bad again I hope we well shall do.

LXVII.

But my conjectures, Shaw, may all be naught—
What must I say, then? Art thou yet alive
And doing well: we far through life have fought,
And may we still in health and plenty thrive;
To be contented let us still contrive.
I and my wife and daughter gently go
On life's rough path as cheerily, believe,
As can be well expected us to do—
The fruits of cheerfulness within our cottage grow.

LXVIII.

If thy dear sire's living, let me know;
Thy sister and good brother, are they well?
Our distant friends, how are they, brother Shaw?
For I would have thy pleasing words to tell
Me all about it—how you onward swell:
The more real happiness we gain, the more
We make this life resemble heaven—to dwell
Content, our minds have earthly joys in store,
But they resemble heaven the most who aid the poor.

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LXIX.

Friendship!—true cheerer of my lonely hour,
Brightener of darken'd minds in trouble deep!
Dear messenger of peace, I know thy power,
I prize thy sage advice, for thou canst keep
My low, desponding, spirit up, and sweep
Keen, cankering, anguish from my inmost soul,
And turn my drooping mind to overlop
The deep abyss of fell despair—control
Is at thy eloquent command to save my fall.

LXX.

Thou glorious Agent! Sun of darkening day!
How oft thy brightening beams disperse afar
Thick, sable, clouds of worldly care, and sway
O'er all the ills impending, which would mar
My prison'd mind, dim more life's luckless star.
Thy precious light sheds forth a charming ray,
Dispensing goodness void of any jar!
Inspiring Friendship! this I have to say—
Thy luminating words disperse life's clouds away!

LXXI.

Athens, long after ancient Rome's decline,
Was eminently gifted still with lore;
And wisdom and politeness there did shine—
Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was o'er—
The schools of learning which were heretofore
Neglected by the governors, now he
Repair'd the schools, the pensions did restore
To men of learning, which unrighteously
Were taken from them impoliteously.

LXXII.

That time Alcandor and Septimius met—
The best of friends, refin'd in heart and mind,
And faithful as the sun which shineth yet!
Alcandor was a true Athenian kind;

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Septimius, a Roman, naught behind;
Rich to each other their society,
But far to brief it was, awhile we find.
Man little knows how soon his destiny
Of happiness may end a wretched thing to be!

LXXIII.

Their good society had longer lasted,
Had not Alcandor woo'd a vestal fair,
And promised marriage with his soul unblasted
By keen misfortune's stern soul-sinking care;
Invites his friend to go with him to see her,
To judge his choice of beauty—nothing more:
They go; Septimius, quite unaware,
A victim fell to Cupid's darts—for o'er
His unsuspecting mind love came with piercing power!

LXXIV.

But this he bore unknown to all beside—
Pale sickness seized his every vital part,
And laid him on his couch; of peace denied,
Awhile deceiving the physician's art,
Until life's pulses lingered to depart,
When one physician found it was his mind
That was diseased; thus, from his quick alert,
They now besought Septimius to unbind
The preying secret which wrought deeply on his mind.

LXXV.

But he refused to declaration make,
Altho' Alcandor, like the bravest friend
That man possesses, every promise spake,
Until, at last, when thinking that his end
Was ebbing fast, he said, "It will offend
Thy inmost feelings when I tell thee that
All-conquering love my mind and soul has rend—
Love for Hypatia—for truly at
The single sight of her I fell!—to die's my fate!

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LXXVI.

" And I regret that such has been my lot
To see her form; but, dearest friend, forgive,
And let me die in peace! I know the blot
Must on thy stricken mind for ever live;
But let it pass, and do not for me grieve.
I know it is a sad and lasting crime—
A failing on my part—but, O, believe
I hate the very thought, tho' in my prime
I leave this frowning world, and thee, my friend sublime!"

LXXVII.

Such awful words, the brave Alcandor heard,
Which shook his noble spirit, but he loved
His friend so dearly that he quickly swerved
All love connections with the fair, and strove
To heal his friend's disease by words to prove
That fair Hypatia's love for him was pure—
More warm than for himself. Thus to improve
Septimius in health he did endure
Those great privations, all a friendship to secure!

LXXVIII.

Alcandor's cheering words at last prevail'd—
Altho' Septimius heedléss heard awhile,
In argument against his friend assail'd,
On his own weakness did himself revile,
And all the evil on himself did pile—
But now persuasion put disease to flight,—
Rich health began to spread a rosy smile,
While kind Alcandor strove with giant might
Septimius and Hypatia to unite.

LXXIX.

It was the custom of the Country then,
When Athens' vestals were at liberty,
Their parents or their friends oft choose the men,

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Thus to their wishes vestals did agree—
And such it was with fair Hypatia:
She did not choose Alcandor, but content
To take the offer'd Sir because that he
Was quite a gentleman in each extent,
Therefore, Alcandor knew she had not to repent.

LXXX.

Alcandor's efforts were successful; and
His learned friend and fair Hypatia
Were soon united heart with heart and hand!
They off to Rome, together onward set,
And left Alcandor deeply to regret
The loss of both. Her friends and family
Conspired against him—they did soon complete
His utter ruin! for they swore that he
Had sold her to Septimius for a sumptuous fee!

LXXXI.

Thus he was fined to pay a greater sum
Than all that he possess'd amounted to;
And he was strip'd of all he had—to come
To fierce revenge they claim'd his body too,
And sold him in the market, for a slave to go!
A Thracian merchant purchased him to be
His vassal herdsman; to augment his woe,
For bare subsistence, poor Alcandor he
A hungry hunter was, and treated cruelly!

LXXXII.

But ere his slave-bond master took him hence,
While all alone, he sat him down to sigh,
And to survey his dear inheritance
In his mind's eye, which his no more must be,
But more than all, his precious liberty,
And while in anguish worse than pen can write
Or mind conceive, he sang, both bold and free,
His heart-struck sorrow with majestic might
And manly energy, the following ode polite:—

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1. "Farewell, Athens! fare thee well!
Half my anguish who can tell?
Banish'd from my sire's home,
All, alas! my days to come!
Innocently as I am
Stamped with unholy shame,
Sold me like a beast to man,
Ne'er to be my own again!

2. "O that demon Passion when
Kindled in ambitious men!
They but judge, and speak, and rule
With oppressive ridicule.
They with jealous fury sought,
And my final ruin wrought—
Friendless, helpless, hopeless, I
Cannot for my freedom fly!

3. "'Press'd with more than sorrow's sigh,
I would lay me down and die—
Life is nothing now to me—
Sunk in helpless misery.
Calumny!—what hast thou done?
Me thou'st caused good men to shun;
Exiled from my native skies,
Fallen—never more to rise!

4. "Lower than the poorest poor
Craving alms from door to door—
While they are at liberty,
I a chained slave must be!
Not a moment free my own,
I must bear a tyrant's frown—
At his call I must obey,
Nor I dare not answer nay!

5. "Not a friend to cheer my heart
Ere from Athens I depart!
Those who once would cheer and please,
Now are my worst enemies!
Those who love me, now are flown,
Me in bondage none will own:

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Quite rejected and abhor'd,
I in anguish am absorb'd!

6. "Yet one consolation pure,
In my bosom doth endure—
Nothing have I to conceal,
Fell remorse I do not feel—
He that's brave and innocent,
Of misdeeds can ne'er repent:
With a conscience clear from guilt,
Take me, Fate, where e'er thou wilt!

7. "Would some pitying angel dear
To Septimius appear!
And the whole affair relate—
Where I am, and what's my fate:
He would start with friendly zeal,
With compassion for my weal,
Rise and leave old Rome and hie
To my rescue instantly!

8. "He would testify to all—
Wrong it was me to enthrall;
Thus my freedom, name, and wealth
Might restore, they have in stealth.
But my words are all in vain—
I must wear a vassal's chain,
I must bear rough ridicule,
And be treated like a fool.

9. "O that I was yet unborn!
I had never known to mourn—
Had I never seen the light,
I had never felt affright.
Let that day no number boast,
Be that night in darkness lost,
Unregarded let it be,
Holy Ghost, by even thee!

10. "Could I quite forget my care,
Would oblivion drown despair,
I again my wonted bliss

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Might enjoy in tranquilness.
But my passion and my pride,
While I breathe can ne'er divide:
Never, never, shall my soul
Shrink beneath a tyrant's scowl!

11. "Thus my mind's a stormy sea,
Which can never vanquish'd be,
Never calmly can subside,
While in bondage I abide.
Athens!—when I'm far from thee,
What will then my solace be?
I have walk'd the path of truth
Up to manhood, from my youth.

12. "Thus the pleasing thought will be
To inspire my memory—
Swift Imagination's wing
Glorious scenes of thee shall bring;
Cheer the sadness of my heart,
Pleasurable peace impart—
In my mind, quite unrestrain'd,
Athens! thou shalt be retain'd!"

LXXXIII.

While blest Septimius happy was at Rome
With fair Hypatia, in the honeymoon,
Or winning laurels for himself to come,
His high accomplishments soon wider known,
Attains the Senate's chair of great renown
To cheer pale, woe-struck, innocence, and build
The sunken mind with fortitude, nor frown
On those whom Misery's hand their cup had fill'd
To overflowing when by cold misfortune chill'd.

LXXXIV.

Each rising morn brought new-born troubles on
A weary body and a harrass'd mind;
A gloomy prospect to reflect upon,
The blasts of Fate, relentless and unkind,

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A tyrant's frown his spirit down to bind;
Inspiring Hope escaped, nor left a ray
Of consolation, save to look behind
On good acts past, and thus with joy survey
A good life past, to smile on bondage day.

LXXXV.

A mind like his, so formed for friendship's ties
Of purest hues, was like to some rich flower
Carefully cultured 'neath bright, sunny skies,
Then taken where cold, searing, blasts devour,
Where fade its beauty in a stormy hour.
Yet Consolation cheer'd betimes his heart—
His innocence of wrong when he had power.
His awful exile, and his bitter smart,
Unknown to dear Septimius who was far apart!

LXXXVI.

Thus many a year of bondage pass'd away
In Thracian's gloomy wilds in want and woe,
Contending with severest Hardship's sway,
Until, at last, fair Freedom's glorious glow
Illumined his future prospect! Now, to go
A journey far, his master leaves his home.
Behold! poor, pale, inspired, Alcandor now
With giant spirit o'er lone wilds to roam,
To find Septimius happy in ancient Rome!

LXXXVII.

Oft had Septimius told Cornelia,
His only sister, of his noble friend—
Grand, captivating, stories—until she
Was quite in love with him—she did intend
To welcome him should he e'er condescend
To clasp her hand in love: altho' she ne'er
Had seen Alcandor's form she could depend
On all her brother had declared to her—
His virtuous deeds and spotless character.

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LXXXVIII.

Long was the journey, and "in starving want,"
He earnestly pursued his way to Rome,
Like some undeviating, faithful saint—
Steadfast in faith to reach his heavenly home,
He valiently laboured to o'ercome
The storms of fate, to reach his journey's end.
And now he sees the glorious City—Rome!
And in the Court beholds his faithful friend!
And fain would reach his chair and humbly o'er him bend.

LXXXIX.

Forlorn and famish'd all the day he stood,
Watching each movement of Septimius,
Thinking each moment that perhaps he would
Perceive him soon, in all his wretchedness.
Thus sad Alcandor, in strict watchfulness,
Patiently waited, hour after hour—
And sometimes he did forward press
A little nearer, but, alas! his power
Was uneffectual; his hopes began to lower.

XC.

Outworn, at last, he now attempts to go
Towards the seat where good Septimius sat,
But he repulsed was by officers, altho'
He strove to give them understanding that
He wish'd to speak; the crowd around him gat,
And, to escape their persecution, he
Fled from the City, disappointment flat;
The weary wanderer felt most dreadfully,
A secret place he sought to soothe his misery!

XCI.

Inclined to lay beneath a spreading tree—
But he remember'd, that, the day before,
He pass'd a place of tombs, where, secretly,

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He quietly might rest and study o'er
His present state, his fortitude restore.
And thus, to lay him down to rest his frame,
He walk'd along, with anguish at his core,
Renewed trouble o'er his spirit came,
For now he clearly saw he was himself to blame.

XCII.

Alone, he cries in self-reproachfulness—
"Why have I spent this precious day for naught?
Why did I not call out—'Septimius!
Alcandor fain would meet thee now without!'"
(The hills responsive to his piteous shout.)
"No home, no bread, no peace, on earth for me!
O could I hide where none would find me out!
That I might sleep, and never waken'd be!
'Twere sweeter far to die than live so wretchedly!"

XCIII.

Thus, like a friendless outcast of the world,
Despairing, wander'd to a hollow tomb
And enter'd in where silent, sullen, dearth
And blackest darkness reign'd, where only come
The daring thief and want without a home.
And there he went and laid him down to rest,
Sunk into soundest sleep, and felt no more
His present disappointments which opprest—
His head upon a stone at ease for him the best.

XCIV.

While there the poor, unfed, Athenian slept,
He up was roused, and taken for a thief,
Instead of depredators who had crept
Into that lone asylum, only brief
Their stay was there. To poor Alcandor's grief,
They were pursued, and there they left the spoil,
And fled. Alcandor's ta'en before Septimius,
For daring crime, quite innocent the while—
His cup o'erflowing now to the greatest of excess!

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XCV.

Before the judge—Septimius—he stood
Charged with the theft the depredators did—
A wretch in rags he was, in agger'd mood,
Deprest in mind, his reason too had slid;
For he believed the gods had quite forbid
That he should prosper, and he really thought
Septimius knew him, but, in wealth amid,
He would not own his friend to ruin brought.
Thus his imagination with his reason fought.

XCVI.

But, while he speechless stood, all but condemn'd,
Septimius address'd him: "Stranger, speak
Now for thyself, the law thy life may claim,
Unless thy words can prove thou didst not break
The law by theft." Alcandor, low and weak,
Once free in eloquence, at those dread words—
"The bitter cup of death I now could take—
Tho' innocent I am!—for death accords
With my sad fate, for life no comfort me affords!

XCVII.

"For though I stand a wretched stranger here—
Charged as abominable plunderer—
I'll testify that I am quite as clear
As is the innocentest wonderer!
And tho' I speak bold as the Thunderer
It is not that I am an hardened thief—
It is the law—that I am under her;
Thus it behoves me for to show in brief
I am an honest man in rags, without relief!

XCVIII.

"For I have met misfortune without cause,
Which banish'd me from Athens and my home;
And I for years have borne severest woes:
Now 'scaped from bondage, I have fled to Rome,

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And here I stand, for truly I have come—
Not death to meet—but my once dearest friend!
For I believe Septimius cannot doom
His earnest friend—Alcandor!—but defend
Him in his crisis sad, which offers to impend!"

XCIX.

Soon as those last words left Alcandor's lips,
The listening judge, with open arms wide,
And look as pitiful as that which breaks
From the most tender parent, when, betide,
In want and woe he meets his long-lost child.
He round him clung, and cried aloud, in tears—
"My faithful Friend! My life-preserver, mild!
To my warm bosom come! Thy form outbears
Firm confidence in me. Disperse thy heartfelt fears!"

C.

And while Septimius held him in his arms,
They wept together in "the joy of grief."
The gazing crowd, in marvellous alarms,
Stood silent, and beheld the grand reprieve.
(For now before the bar were brought each spoiler thief.)
Thus ended that strange trial, but the scene
Remain'd upon the minds of all, though brief—
It was a lesson for the greatest men—
To prove the guilty ere they did condemn.

CI.

And now they rose and left the crowded court.
"Come, tell me, dear Alcandor, why thou art
In so forlorn a state, for I feel hurt
To see thee thus?" "Well, earnest friend, my smart
Began soon as you did from Athens start—
They swore I sold Hypatia to thee!
For such, they sold my all in Athens' mart,

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And me, beside! because my property
Did not repay them for thy wife—Hypatia."

CII.

"For such, thou'st suffered all these years for me!
Unjust oppression all my feelings rend!
All I can do, small recompense will be.
But make thyself content. I will attend
To all thy present wants, thou may'st depend.
O had I known, we had not Athens left!
Soon as we did, none, save us, could defend
Thy cause aright; thus thou wert quite bereft
Of human aid, and thee they hurl'd down ruin's cleft!"

CIII.

How shall I now attempt to rise and sing
The happy feelings of this rescued man?
Emancipated from keen misery's sting,
And the rude servitude which tyrants plan,
To share the comforts of life's little span.
These friends heroic met, no more to part
In life's short stay. Septimius began
Well to provide, and soothe Alcandor's smart,
And cheer his old associate's o'er sorrow'd heart.

CIV.

But, now, when smiling pity came to cheer
His sunken, low, emaciated frame,
Disease, with many a searching pang severe,
To lay him on a couch of sickness came;
And danger threatened life's exulting flame—
He hopeless lay, to loving friends around,
And for a time Alcandor thought the same;
But, now, at last, he feels his health rebound—
His usual vigour, and his body quite as sound!

CV.

His step, light as the roe's, high on the hill,

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That Freedom blesses with rich happiness.
New friends around pure peace of mind instill,
His old companion adding to his bliss,
Makes life a new one with its cheerfulness—
Like a new world all shines around him now,
An earnest friend to aid him to success,
Affectionate with all he does bestow,
Undeviating, with a faithful brother's glow.

CVI.

O who can tell the holy gratitude
Alcandor felt amid his mighty change?
As 'twere, he saw his former state renew'd,
A life of freedom, almost to him strange;
His leisure hours again he could arrange,
His busy time quite suited to his mind;
A glorious path, with golden flowers strew'd,
A cheering prospect with his labours join'd,
To meet his wants of life, found by Septimius kind.

1.

And when a few days of sweet freedom were past,
To stay in old Rome he quite settled at last;
Cornelia he took for his partner in life—
Their loves well united, their blessings were rife!

2.

Alcandor declared that he truly could say,
Cornelia he loved more than Hypatia;
And they spent a long life in a virtuous path,
Ta'en the noble example, their dear offspring hath.

3.

On the tomb of Alcandor this epitaph stood—
"Whatever may fall to the faithful and good,
Altho' it be desperate, Providence may
Restore them from trouble to Liberty's sway!"

CVII.

Thus ends the tale of these heroic friends—

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Faithful in every trying time of life,
And steadfast as the sun, whose light extends
To all who breathe and need his warm relief.
Beloved Friendship!—thou art still the chief
Of life's pure happiness! Thy kindness, sweet,
Has often soothed o'erwhelming bosom grief!
And risen sunken Want upon his feet!
Then both rejoiced, together that they chanced to meet.

CVIII.

Thus they are like two grand, illustrious suns—
Spontaneous beaming through the boundless blue,
Delighting, with their dazzling, Adam's sons,
While to each other gloriously true—
In calm or storm, alike each light we view
Dispensing good examples to mankind!
Blest be the bosoms where such grows, or grew!
Wherever pure benevolence I find,
I deem the God of goodness is with such entwined.

CIX.

And this is friendship: I will never shun
A friend that's ever faithful unto me,
Nor let us part until life's race is run;
To cheer each other in adversity,
And fortify the mind, by earnestly
Dispensing comfort with a friendly smile,
That we may ever meet friends, manfully,
A conscience clear from stern remorse's file,
And all that e'er might mar our friendship in life's while.

CX.

For friendship is the soothing cup of life,
The realm of bliss to every earthly being—
There's nothing that exists in nature rife
But what delights in friendship's glorious scene—
Beasts, birds, and insects earnest to it lean,

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Aud in the streamlets clearly we behold
The shining scaled tribes friendship deign;
Earth's lovely flowers and Heaven's studs of gold
Even now a mutual Friendship's converse seem to hold!

CXI.

Behold the minstrel Lark in greening Spring—
He rises from the dew-besprinkled sod
In earnest friendship; hear him now begin
His early orison to nature's God,
Waking his brothers to their infant brood,
And charming mortals with his joyful lyre;
His welcome music's bland, melodious flood
Delighteth me! such grandeur to admire!
Where is the soul thy song did never once inspire?

CXII.

Dear Evening Hours, your happiness dispense—
A cheering comfort to my weary frame,
A daily joy, a wakeful, pleasing sense,
A rapture which I cannot give a name,
A holy feeling, and a sacred flame
Which rouses up my rustic Muse to sing
The charms of nature, though she be but tame!
Inspired thus, my harp again I string,
And try to wake the cords, till tones of sweetness ring!

CXIII.

Mild infant Spring!—ambrosial is thy breath;
Thy smiles and tears display thy loveliness;
I joy to see thy green and rosy wreath,
Thy mossy mantle, and thy flowery tress,
And all the varied beauty of thy dress,
When spangled with the sparkling gems of morn,
All burnished by the beams of heavenliness,
Which more enrich thy beauty, and adorn

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Thy lovely infancy. I sing at thy return!

CXIV.

The rosy edgerows and the leafy trees,
The smiling landscape, in its garb of green,
The fragrant flowers, the toiling honey-bees
With lively hum explore the sylvan scene;
And all is full of joyfulness—each being,
Save man, seems happy! How the warblers sing!
And pour their precious greetings, where, serene,
The pleasing echoes, doubly answering,
Awake the slumbering woods, and sweetly wild they ring!

CXV.

Here let me sit—upon this green hill-side,
Where happy faces oft have smiled with joy!
And Nature laugh'd in dazzling, gorgeous pride,
In early days—when I was but a boy.
Here the swift race-horse multitudes did coy,
With his good rider mounted on his back
With coloured cap and jacket, like a toy!
And I delighted then a walk to take
To view the showy scene while mirth was quite awake.

CXVI.

The splendid banners waving in the breeze,
The sprightly racers pacing to and fro,
The merry clown! the drinking-men, in sprees,
The youthful pair rejoicing in the show;
Wild shouts the welkin ring! the blast of bugle's blow,
The gentry standing on the monument,
The horses now arranged, in colours glow—
Away they start! swift past the maypole bent,
While lengthened shouts the sky around us rent!

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CXVII.

What happy moments pass'd on "Old Peep Green!"
When Kirklees' woodlands echoed to the mirth
Which wafted to those rosy shades serene;
Where sprang those giant trees from mother Earth
Whose leafy branches now are spreading forth,
And canopy the great Free-booter's tomb—
That noble archer, yet of little worth,
Still, thousands since to see his tomb have come,
And portions of the stone have taken with them home.

CXVIII.

The noble Hall! of modest modern pride;
The park, the gardens, the surrounding wood
With shining, rustling rosaries allied;
While Echo answers to the roaring flood
The bounding Deer enjoys his herbage food;
The wild-wood, pleasant Cock's loud, broken crow,
The pretty Partridge, with her infant brood;
The timid Hare, and coney squat where grow
The sweetest clovers, while healthful breezes blow.

CXIX.

My childhood rambled through these green wood shades
For hazel nuts, and crabs, and cherries wild—
Wild rasps and bramble berries gem'd these glades;
These woodlands rang with shouts of many a child,
The laugh and joke the time away beguiled;—
Yes, this was infant happiness, the best,
The purest, too; like Nature, we all smiled,
And sang among the shades where many a nest
Was quite deserted—by the infant offspring press'd.

CXX.

Ye Woods, develop'd in rich, rustling green—
Ye Flowers, scatter'd through the vistas far—
In you, what grand variety is seen!

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Ye Woodbines sweet, your fragrance pure and rare
Is blended with health-giving morning air;
The lovely blooming Hawthorn beauty gives
To leafy edgerows; and the Daisy fair
In modest excellence, triumphant lives
Throughout the passing year—the green hill never leaves!

CXXI.

O ever-dear, delightful, rural scene!
Where nature's gems array the mantling mead
With richest hues, which mingle with the green;
Where timid sheep on tender herbage feed;
Where contemplation negligent may tread;
Where rippling streams in glassy currence flow;
And where the pheasant wild may safely lift his head,
And spread his golden plumage in the glow
Of the bright mid-day sun in Nature's pride and show.

CXXII.

I recollect when I was in my teens—
'Twas heary winter, leafless were the trees—
'Twas lovely night, a million golden sheens
Hung in the azure vault!—He who all sees
Was witness to the bloody tragedy
In this lone, wild retreat:—Uria fell,
A lifeless corse, from poachers' cruelties!
And many an aged mortal now can tell
Who mingled in the fray with gun and blunt cudgel!

CXXIII.

The naked woodlands rang with loud reports
Of thundering guns, and shouts of fighting-men!
(The long, meandering vale responsive, as in sport);
The battle raged in savage, furious spleen!
And many a one went bleeding back again,
With trembling limbs—the contents of the gun
Took with them home, and bore long years of pain!

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And this was called bravery by sire and son
Who gloried in the game that in the woodlands run.

CXXIV.

But some were sent athwert the ocean's wave—
Transported from their wives and children young,
To foreign clime, to be an abject slave—
To spend their better days in servile long,
And waste away their blooming manhood strong!
Some braved their exiled years, and home return'd;
Some never did; but died from usage wrong!
Thus savage crime their peace and freedom spurn'd,
And they, without a hope, in chains and anguish mourn'd!

CXXV.

The noble Master of fair Kirklees Hall
Was a Philanthropist! His kindly hand
Drew from his open purse his silver small,
And, with a sire's smile, at want's command,
Cheerfully gave the poor the small demand;
The neighbouring poor, a weekly welcome found,
And smiling children did his house attend;
And aged matrons with tin cans stood round,
And each received an equal share, and left the ground.

CXXVI.

His Lady was a meek, kind spirit! She
Good clothing and her needlework bestow'd.
At Sunday-School she with her class would be;
And young Cliftonians of her were proud,
For her bright eyes with child-like reverence glow'd!
At Whitsuntide, before the Hall we sang,
The sacred music pleased the listening crowd;
The scene was glorious!—how the cattle sprang
About the park, while wood and welkin wildly rang!

CXXVII.

This scene we shared, dear consort of my youth—

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One pure remembrance of thee shall be here.
Thou art a genius of undoubted truth,
The engine is constructed by thy care;
And the grand organ, musically clear.
Self-taught, completely, thy laborious hands
And studious head have made the work appear
In master style; thus thou with honour stands,
For thou mechanics' science clearly understands.

CXXVIII.

But good Sir George and his kind Lady fair
Are long since number'd with the honour'd dead,
With many a one to whom I might refer,
Who mingled in the scene for ever fled.
Long may it to their worthy praise be said,
They taught me how to spell and write my name;
I here with gratitude place on each head
A laurel of thanksgiving, pure as fame,
For teachers of a Sabbath-School my noblest honours claim!

1. The rural scene of Clifton gay
Looks o'er the green, meandering vale
Whose glassy waters wildly play
Between the woods, where boats'-men sail.
Here blooming trees their scents exhale,
Refreshing wanderers on their way;
Rich health is floating on the gale
Throughout the glorious summer's day!
Yet, needing still, these banks of green,
A house of mine above the scene.

2. Along these varied, flowery banks
The railway engine rolls away;
A scene more, added to their flanks—
The moving hamlet, proudly gay.
And while I now the scene survey,
The wild wood music cheers my heart—
The birds, in wanton pleasure play.
O that this day would ne'er depart!

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These rural banks of beauty then
Would seem a Paradise to men!

3. There's not a spot that I have seen
In all my wanderings—far and near—
That suits me like these woods of green,
When they their summer glory wear;
For then I long to wander here,
To feast my eyes on beauty's pride—
Transported with the scene so dear,
I never from it would divide
(Had I to guard these banks serene)
A house of mine above the scene!

4. And when this grand, inspiring sight
Of living beauty's charming bloom
Should fade before the blasting blight
Of stormy winter's frowning gloom,
Then with my friends and books at home
(Naught lacking life to soothe and cheer)
Still worship God, my days to come,
For all his blessings granted here;
And end my years, in giving thanks,
On these, my boyhood's, blooming banks!

CXXIX.

Farewell, my faithful Sarah Ann!—farewell!
Now thou hast left this earthly house, and gone
To that unknown eternity to dwell,
And left me on this earthly clod to groan
And sigh, and shed the bitter tear alone!
For, O, how sadly and alone I feel
Without thy company, dear, faithful, one!
Though all my grief I cannot well reveal,
There is a portion I can not conceal.

CXXX.

Together we have struggled many a year,
While stern Affliction's hand has gnaw'd thy frame—

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And O how hard it was for thee to bear!
I pitied thee! and cheer'd life's wasting flame.
Affection, pure and purer still became:
And while I did for thee the whole I could,
Relentless Death at last unfeeling came,
And struck the fatal blow! Yet still I would
Not let thy memory die, for thou wert kind and good!

CXXXI.

I saw time furrow fast thy fading brows;
I saw tears trinkle down thy weeping eyes;
I heard thy sighs which sprang from inward woes,
And caused thy heart in anguish deep to rise;
And I consoled thee with my words as wise
As my own wisdom led me, for thy good:
It was my will for thee again to rise
Up to thy wonted vigour, if it would
But please the Lord, who knows the best—he should

CXXXII.

But now thou sleepest in the silent grave,
Dear Partner of a portion of my days—
My best adviser; tender, true, and brave;
And thou art worthy of this little praise.
How sweet thy conversation was always!
It was a great delight to thee, to please,
To comfort, cheer, when I was low; to raise
My drooping spirit, and to give me ease
In all life's trials which did tire and tease!

CXXXIII.

Departed Spirit!—hear me! If it is
In thy celestial power to soothe my woe
"Impart a portion of thy heavenly bliss"
To quench my anguish sad, while here below;
That I in goodness may begin, and grow
Riper and riper for that holy sphere,
That when fierce Terrors strike the fatal blow
My spirit then with gladness may appear

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Before her God! and be for ever there!

CXXXIV.

There in the mansion of the ever blest,
  Where countless millions please the Holy One—
Where weary souls for ever are at rest—
  And where the heavenly feast is never done—
And where celestial fountains ever run—
  There thirsty souls may drink the purest stream.
O happy hour when I am thither gone!
  To share the Paradise of which I dream
With holy souls, where reigns the Great Supreme!

CXXXV.

There, congregations ne'er are broken up!
  There, adoration never has an end!
There, unpolluted pleasures have no scope!
  There, everlasting joys to all extend!
Their happiness no man can comprehend!
  Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath never heard,
The good things stored up by the sinner's FRIEND;
  For those who love him, and in love revered
His holy name, such is their great reward.

CXXXVI.

God's glory is their everlasting light;
  Nor sun nor moon are ever needed there;
They ne'er behold the last approach of night.
  The City is of gold—as glass so clear—
The building of the wall is of jasper;
  Garnish'd with precious stones is each foundation;
Twelve gates of pearl; the City four square;
  Of gold-like glass the street; there ev'ry nation
Saved bring their glory to that heavenly station!

—

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The Passing Bell.

THE Passing Bell, the Passing Bell,
What solemn tales that peal does tell—
A husband dear torn from his wife,
Her child in infancy of life.
A mother's sighs and heartfelt tears—
Her vanish'd hopes—in future years
Bright prospects darken'd; peace and rest
She cannot find. Forlorn, unblest—
A dreary scene, a friendless world—
A cloud of anguish o'er her hurl'd!
No faithful consort now to share
A moment's bliss, an hour's care;
Her dearest ties of nature broke;
Affection's throbs, her almost choke.
Bewilder'd in her lost estate,
For ever fled her dearest mate.
O God, wherever such may be,
Protect her, soothe her misery!

When—soon or late—the Passing Bell
My death to all around shall tell—
Grant me, O God, a heavenly rest
Among the glorious, sinless, blest!
In thee alone I live and trust,
And when my flesh returns to dust—
When this weak, animated frame
Shall yield its breath to whence it came—
O send some holy angel then
To bear away my soul from men;
And when we hear heav'n's music swell,
No more may hear the Passing Bell.

Now Summer is Shining.—July 27th, 1862.

NOW Summer is shining on roses in bloom,
The new hay is breathing out richest perfume,

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The hedgerows are glittering gloriously bright,
The leafy trees moving in gigantic might.

The pastures are gaily replenish'd with flowers,
The green corn nodding away the swift hours;
The rivulet rapidly rolls on its way,
Illumined, like gold, by the sun's beaming ray.

The soft, breezy woodland, with beauties o'erspread,
Where offspring of warblers are carefully fed;
Here, too, the glad throstle lone echo awakes
With music that bursts from the wild, rosy brakes.

And here, among thousands of beauties, I see,
Sipping the honey, the blithe, sportive bee;
And green fruit is hanging from sprays I behold,
Whose mellowness yet will be richer than gold.

Thus Nature unites to delight with the good
That grows on the hill, in the field, and the wood;
Yes, all things are useful from trees and the sod—
Then who should we praise but the all-giving God?

IN BLESSED MEMORY OF THE LATE

W. H. Smith,

INCUMBENT OF BIRKENSHAW CHURCH,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DECEMBER 15TH, 1862.

Now Reverend Smith the Lord is with—
I mean his soul departed,
With wise intent he heaven-ward went,
Or had he ever started.

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A Sabbath Hymn.

DEAR day of rest, dear day of rest,
Enjoying thee I feel as blest
As any pious saint can be,
Enrobed in holy sanctity!
This day by God to man was given,
To rest from toil and strive for heaven;
This day has God Almighty blest,
Thus on my mind be this impress'd—
That sincere praise and pious love,
With gratitude, to him above
I owe; and now I will fulfil,
With reverential, filial will,
A thousand thanks for all his care,
A thousand offerings of prayer
For all the blessings he bestows—
For all the kindnesses he shows—
For health and strength, and ev'rything
That from his goodness daily spring—
Long as I am with Sabbath blest,
Then rise, at last, to endless rest!

O I have seen the Spring Time!

O I HAVE seen the spring time
Of youth, in grand array—
My eyes were beaming sunshine,
My cheeks as rosy May!
My light heart was rejoicing,
Pure gladness fill'd my mind;
The gayest mirth, the choice thing,
I prized, when quite refined.

Youth's soul, transporting joy fills;
The eyes, with sparkling tears,
The rainbow such but equals,
When it gloriously appears.
The heart, of lightest gladness—
The spirit, free and bold;
The mind that knows no sadness

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O who the bliss has told!

The jovial dance, the light prance,
With modesty of guise,
Belong to youth; in slight chance,
However, we surmise.
Youth is life's brightest glory—
The gayest scene of all,
Display'd in mortal story
When we the past recall.

Life's pleasure-ring we sing in;
Eyes beaming love and joy,
Bewitching charms quickly warm,
As glorious scenes decoy.
For I have seen the spring prime
Of youth's fair, flushing cheek,
And dear remembrance brings times
Of which we joy to speak!

And I have roved 'mong roses
As gay as Summer grows,
And smell'd as fragrant posies
As flowery garden shows;
And seen as lovely faces
As glorious youth displays—
That modest man embraces
In honest, manly ways.

O, Hannah, come tell wert thou ever as blest!

O HANNAH, come tell wert thou ever as blest
In the land of Old Erin as thou art in the west—
In the west of my County, where roses of gold
Are blooming to gladden the young and the old?

Though the green land of Erin as dear is to thee
As my Isle of bright roses can be unto me—
Thou still must allow thou art happier far

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Than the homes of thy sires to make thee now are.

Though well it is known the free poor of my land
Ne'er nothing possess without toil with the hand—
Yet bread is the sweetest that labour has gain'd;
Thus the sons of fair England from childhood are train'd.

The wealthiest tradesmen we have in the land,
For gold and possessions have earnestly plan'd;
Our richest and poorest, with truth be it said,
All willingly labour for perishing bread.

Thou know'st the fair sons of fine England are brave,
(What, though we toil harder than any bound slave,)
Our Country we love, and protect her with care,
Which makes other Nations Old England revere.

I know the green Land of the Shamrock is praised
By the sons and warm daughters that Erin has raised,
But could you all praise her with plenty at home,
I think you would love her too dearly to roam.

Old Judy.

OLD Judy's dead, or so it's said,
Her age is eighty-two;
Her deeds were bad, her passion mad,
Without occasion too.

She pinch'd the bellies of little fellows,
Their sister's more by far;
But gave them stripes of cruel types,
Struck with an iron bar.

These lines let old Cliftonians read—
She was our step-mother, to our sorrow,
But long since we were from her freed,
And we'll forgive her all, to-morrow.

Thus let her sleep, but who could weep
A tear for such a mother?

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From cruel hearts my footstep starts—
And cannot do no other.

Comic Song.

WHEN first I went to Mirtleshaw,
I woo'd a maid, nor did she know;
For I was in my youthful glow,
And would not woo a lady slow.

I always went in the darkest night,
When the wind blew loud, and the fire burn'd bright;
Then through the window her I saw,
And woo'd her when she did not know.

And when we met in smiling day,
I always turn'd my head away;
And if the reason you would know—
Because I loved to court her so.

She had a lovely, modest guise,
And might my offer'd love despise,
But to prevent her doing so—
I would not speak a word so low.

Thus you may see what secret sport
It was, so cautiously to court,
For whether she was high or low,
I would not court a lady slow.

Grace before Meat.

WITH gracious eye look from on high,
O thou Most Wise and Best;
And while we dine, holy, divine
Lord, bless us at our feast!

Grace after Meat.

NOW, Lord, we thank thee for the feast
We all now have enjoyed;

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And may our strength through life, at least,
To thee be well employ'd.

Beautiful as Blushing Morn.

BEAUTIFUL as blushing morn
Are her cheeks, of rosy brightness;
Sweet as scent of rosy thorn
Is her breath, of misty whiteness.

Sable as the raven's plume
Hang her tresses, downward flowing;
And her eyes, through lovely gloom,
Sparkle, through her beauty glowing.

And her smiles around me fling
Beams as bright as sunny spring;
While my dearest, charming fair
Says I'm all the world to her.

Lightsome is her form, and gay—
Merry as the skylark singing;
And, to me, as merry May—
As good tidings, riches bringing.

None has smiled as mild on me—
No one have I prized as dearly;
I am treasure to her eye,
And she loves me as sincerely.

And I love her now—and will;
She is firmly faithful still:
O my dearest, charming fair
Says I'm all the world to her!

Lovely is her matchless form,
And her motion's music's measure!
Her affection pure and warm—
Love's command is at her pleasure.

And her sparkling, speaking eyes,
Like the orbs of night, are twinkling!

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And her smiles are smiles of joy,
Happiness around her sprinkling!

Let me meet her where I may,
She is lovely, light, and gay;
And her beaming eyes declare
I am all the world to her.

When the lovely, silver moon
Chequers through the green plantation—
When the stars in brilliance shine,
In their azure elevation—

Gladly then I will repair
Joyously in love to meet her;
Lovely one, my chosen fair,
Woman never was no sweeter!

Mountain grove, or grassy mead,
We together slowly tread;
While in accents she declares
I am all the world to her.

An Honest Man's a Worldly Man.

AN honest man's a worldly man—
A worldly man for me;
Uprightness sometimes is his plan,
His dealing, honesty.
His vulgar way of life is plain,
His actions manly, too;
But mark the crafty, pious man—
Most selfishly untrue.

The worldly man is free and bold,
And friendly, firm, and frank—
Pure kindness in him we behold,
According to his rank.
But see the deep deception in
Religious craft and pride,
It is as fathomless as sin!

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This cannot be denied.

The sorrow and the grief of heart—
The vile, ignoble wrong—
The losses borne—the keenest smart—
I shall remember long.
Religious men have caused me these,
And more—if more can be;
But I will always strive to please
The man that pleases me.

Religion is a canopy
For canting hypocrites,
But guilty actions let us see
Their failings in their flights,
Go where it will, this truth shall thrill
The soul to harmony—
The right and just, whom we should trust,
Are worldly, fair, and free.

I've dealt with good, I've dealt with bad,—
God knows it to be true,—
But pious men are selfish mad
In all their dealings through.
There may be some exceptions, who
Do just and honestly—
But oh how few!—I've proved, and know;
A worldly man for me!

The Village Sexton's Epitaph.

HERE sleeps the old Sexton, in funeral wreath,
The most he resembled, while living, was death;
I sing, not to vex;—say—was Jonny not thin,
Pale, little, and slender, yet friendly to win?
For thirty long winters he knoll'd and he delved,
Laid open the graves, and the coffins he shelved;
The funeral company gather'd around,
The constant old Sexton was at his post found.

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While the Parson was reading, bent over the dead,
He scatter'd the earth as the service was read.
Thus he and his partner the Sextonship held
While strength was allow'd him the mattock to wield,
When life's labour ended, the mattock and spade
Resigned to his partner—the toughest old blade;
Then his old friend the passing bell solemnly knoll'd,
And laid him at rest, like the Sextons of old.

A Sonnet.

WHEN I consider what a little time
I have to stay among the sons of men—
That though I am full in my manhood prime—
My better days will soon be gone again—
Now, while my cheeks are tulips like in bloom,
And health and vigour shine within mine eyes,
Let me be like a spreading, fruitful tree—
Be useful to mankind, and just and wise—
Yes—all my doings be utility,
And all my actions noble, kind, and free—
That I may look back on a well-spent life
With self-respect, and thank my Deity
For his protection through life's little strife,
Then sleep in silence with God's blessing rife.

Keen, Grasping Avarice.

I can't filch thee of a good name,
Because thou hast not one;
I only tell the deeds of shame
Which thou hast often done.

KEEN, grasping Avarice lives on T—— S——
side;
He's cattle many, and he's acres wide;
His grazing herd is scatter'd o'er the field,

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A large supply of milk and butter yield.
He's heaps of wool, he's buildings, and he's gold,
And strong machinery within his fold;
His humble slaves, who toil from morn till night,
Tell of his tyranny, and knavish might—
How hard they toil—how little they receive
For tiring labour; and how much they grieve
Their indigence, is more than tongue can tell!
Their faces pale for want of doing well;
He gnaws their lives, as time decays old trees;
Borne down by storms, as ships by heavy seas!
This low, notorious character shall live,
And e'en his offspring shall these words believe.
I wrought for him; he gave me not my due—
He gave me nothing! ask him if it's true—
He promised fair, but he that promise brake—
Eat his own words, as dog his vomit takes.
Such has he done to all whom he could grind:
To punish mortals, soothes his holy mind.
His look bespeaks a potent few may suit,
With hearts-core ashes like the Dead Sea fruit.
See in the pulpit, with embolden'd face,
A human scourger, with a sabbath grace—
An hypocrite, with neck-cloth white as snow—
An earthly demon, fast dispensing woe!
He is a preacher! who could really think?
He does not know his words to others stink.
I'd rather be a poor man, as I am,
With conscience clear from aught unjust, I claim,
Than for such riches tyrannize the poor,
Hard-toiling man with curses at my door.
Tell me, ye Saints, who daily with him strive,
How such a being on the earth does thrive?
How is it God permits his wicked deeds—
Filching the helpless, scorning Christian creeds?
True, manly, pity never haunts his mind
To righteousness men know him to be blind.
If kindness ever melts within his breast
'Tis to his own he cares—not for the rest
Avarice consulted from his early youth,

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Gains are his maxim—no regard to truth;
No matter who may loose, if he possess—
He'd laugh to see his brother in distress!
Such is his glory, such his spirit's pride—
Well-known to mortals, near and far and wide.
Ye Reverend Sages of the gospel, who
Are now allied to this unmanly foe,
Inquire strictly of his way of life—
How he creates ill-feeling, curse, and strife;
If men in righteousness you would excel,
This evil spirit from your ranks expel;
If in your temples you behold his face,
Shun him, ye noble, as you would disgrace!
And let the low, disguising tyrant see
You want not him in your society!
Extortioner!—with all thy wealth amass'd,
What happy days in conscience hast thou pass'd?
Degraded Traitor!—who can thee believe?
Ask thy vain self why thou doest men deceive;
Confess thy treacheries, to mortals done,
Reverse thy ways, and evil actions shun:
An honest name, in life blooms as the vine,
And, after, scents as fragrant eglantine!
The lying tyrant stinks of hate through life,
And dies with curses on his soul of strife;
But ere thou diest in thy opulence.
Long mayest thou feel the coldest indigence
Felt by the houseless wretch! and e'en believe
That thou hast nothing of thy own to have,
As those experience in the keenest want!
The searching pangs of poverty and scant
Which thou hast caused to others in thy time,
When grinding power, in law, by thee no crime,
Which thou hast caused in avaricious pride,
Glutton of gold, now never satisfied—
Thus linger on in feeling want in tears!
And feel infamous to thyself for years!
Vain, poisonious Viper!—of fair human kind,
Keen pest to happiness, to reason blind—
Yes, may the tears of sorrow thou hast caused

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Return to thee long ere thy life be closed!
Seal'd in thy conscience like a burning hell!
With half the torture that the Scriptures tell,
Till maniac madness mortifies thy blood,
And die in agony, as torturing tyrant should!

Kirklees Branching Woodlands.

CHARMING Lassy, will you go,
Will you go, will you go—
Charming Lassy, will you go
To Kirkless branching woodlands?

Clear, gentle streamlets downward flow,
The pebbly bed is seen below—
Soft, fragrant breezes richly blow
Through Kirklees branching woodlands.

The giant trees' green branches wave
O'er Robin Hood's old tomb and grave—
That Noble Archer, bold and brave—
In Kirklees branching woodlands.

There wild-wood pheasants roost and rest,
Whose golden plumage of their breast
Shines rich as sun rays in the west,
In Kirklees branching woodlands.

The while cascade's loud, thundering roar,
High dashing to the sandy shore,
While gathering mists thick rising o'er
The river's flow at Kirklees.

Gay, verdant banks, whose flowers vie
With many a richly tinted dye,
Reflected in the current nigh;
The branching woods of Kirklees.

Musicians wild, joyfully free,
Sing serenades in happy glee,
On many a blooming, leafy tree
In Kirklees greening woodlands.

Though fleeting years have pass'd away

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Since there I roved in childhood play,
In summer, yet I joy to stray
By Kirklees branching woodlands.

O could I choose the spot where I
Might live at ease from toil! I'd hie
To spend my latest days in joy
O'er looking Kirklees woodlands!

Now Early Spring spreads Primrose Beds.

NOW early Spring spreads Primrose Beds,
The lyric Lark sings songs of joy,
In rapture light, ere morning bright
O'er dasied banks of Birkenshaw.

Then come, sweet Lass, let us repair
To see the infant lambkins play,
And hear Spring's early messenger
Call "Cuckoo!" at the break of day—

Look o'er the flower besprinkled banks—
Behold the Prince of Morn arise
And dart his shining rays through ranks
Of budding woodland's Paradise!

While liquid drops of dewy morn,
Like rich, illumined di'monds, shine—
Harmonious birds sing in their turn,
And sol's gay glories all enshrine!

Thus while we walk through wood and grove,
And see Spring's beauties bud and blow—
We view at leisure, as we rove,
The charming scenes of Birkenshaw.

The Captive.

IN the depths of the night he was torn from his home
By a forcible press-gang who nightly did roam!
A wife and three children behind him he left—

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A husband and sire of they were bereft!

Deprived of her partner and life's dearest friend,
What wearisome hours methinks she did spend!
All day she would ponder, and weep the night through—
Her eyes shedding tears, and her heart full of woe.

And often, as bright day was closing, would hie,
And think at a distance his form she could spy;
And oft, as she saw her dim eyes were deceived,
With heart swelling sorrow her bosom was heaved!

Despairing, o'erwhelmed, in trouble, would pray—
Th' Almighty beseech to restore him ere day;
But, alas! her bewailings and prayers were in vain!
He never return'd to his family again!

'Tis said that he tried to desert the rude gang—
Plung'd into a river, and manfully swam!
But soon they pursued him, and after him sprang,
Yet unknown unto me if they took him again.

But that all-seeing Father, who dwells in the skies,
Her poor orphan children did never despise—
He them well protected from danger and ill
By his all-ruling goodness and forcible will.

Yet to us quite unknown what became of their sire—
If slain when deserting, or conquered their ire—
But be as it was, 'tis his grandson who writes
This song of the Captive—the brave Edward Sykes.

As Faintly I Remember Her.

AS faintly I remember her
As if it were a dream—
That she was my own mother dear,
So long since it doth seem.

For I was in my infant years
When she departed hence;
Her form I knew not it appears,
When question'd her 'semblance.

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They tell me she was lovely as
The tulip on its stem,
As modest as e'er woman was,
As friendly, too, with them.

They say her temper was as sweet
As goodness is sublime;
But O her strength was incomplete!
She died before her time!

Say why she left her offspring young?
Half unprotected, too?
And they in future time were stung
By *one* well-known untrue.

Beautiful Birkenshaw.

BEAUTIFUL Birkenshaw, charming and fair,
Bright in the summer time everywhere!
The wallflower pink, the daisy and rose,
Shed fragrance sweet where the gentle wind blows;
The hawthorn elder bloom, silvery grey,
Bedeck the green meadows wherever I stray.
Gay trees in the valley like sentinels stand,
Array'd in green livery, natural grand;
In walks through the woodland varied flowers,
The wild warbler's musical greeting outpours,
Delighting and cheering, with echoing notes,
The lover of nature, who pleasure promotes.
The glittering dew-drops like pearls outshine
The splendour of princes, the morn refine.
The Sun in rich brightness is walking the sky,
Dispensing his glory below and on high—
The Light of the world, the Spirit of life—
Reviver of nature, now blooming and rife.
Fair Commerce is cheering our villagers all,
While hope is encouraging, fearless of thrall—
And throughly inspiring the high and the low
With prospects of happiness—welcome, I trow.
Beautiful Birkenshaw, charming and fair,

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Blessings fall on us more richly and rare
Than any hath witness'd in days of the past.
Good Heaven, bestow them quickly and fast,
And when we enjoy, then in rapture we'll sing,
And give all the glory our heavenly King!

O, yes, I Remember.

O YES, I remember, when I was a child,
How happy my grandsire and grandmother were!
They both were to righteousness quite reconciled—
They lifted their souls up to God in their prayer.

I know well I kneel'd in that dear, sacred place,
While their orisons went up in earnest to God,
To protect us from evil, and give us his grace,
And still guide us on in his holiest road.

And the garden they held in possession was gay
With red and white roses, and daisies so fair;
And the lillies and pinks were as lovely as May,
And the berry tree fruit passing sweet I declare!

And the shining, green bay tree that bloom'd by the gate
Shed fragrance as rich as the sweet eglantine;
And we pluck'd the ripe fruit often, early and late,
And now I look upon that spot as divine.

And oft when the musical, mild sabbath-bells
Peal'd out in grand chorus, on morn or e'en,
She uplifted the window to welcome the swells
Of harmony; bland and delightful, I ween.

That dear, sacred chamber I never forget—
No: oft as I listen to Littletown bells,
I think, were my grand parents living there yet,
They still would enjoy the soft, harmonious swells.

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IN FRIENDLY REMEMBRANCE OF

The Reverend Emanuel Emmett,

LATE OF BIRKENSHAW.

Here Reverend Emmett's lifeless ashes rest;
He was a cheerful-hearted, homely friend,
A loving parent, and no man oppress'd;
Void of vain pride, obey'd God's high behest,
Lived a good life, was faithful to the end!

To Alfred Tennyson, Esq., the Royal Poet Laureate of England.

I DEDICATE my Book to you,
I need not say, "Sir, read it through,"
For that you will, I have no doubt,
With friendly feeling most devout.
We are not brothers, well I know it;
But, then, you are the Royal Poet,
And just the gentleman to do it:—
Review my Book, and if renown
It merits, make it widely known!
There's such a mighty difference in us!
Your name is up! your works, too, win us!
While you are learned, at a glance,
You see I am not, in a sense;
But yet so far it is my lot,
My awkward pagasus will trot.
While you have walk'd in learning's line,
I've had to toil at the coal mine;
While you are rich, I've hard to strive,
Though now in years near fifty-five.
Thus if you can lift up the low,
And save me being the bastile prow,
It will be something to your credit;
And he will thank you who has said it!

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I labour in the coal pit yet--
Have no resource, but from the pit;
For to maintain my little home
Is all my strength can well nigh come
For I am weak in body now,
And must decline, if only slow—
For time will tell upon us all,
As rolls this universal ball.

Though my Life has been blended with Sorrow.

THOUGH my life has been blended with sorrow,
From infancy up to this day,
I still look with hope for to-morrow,
Dispensing deep anguish away!
My changes of life have been many,
My prospects of happiness few,
But cheerless as winter is rainy,
When seldom the sun is in view.

No mother to cheer up my spirit
In childhood, when tender and young;
A father, I had to defer it
When by a stepmother oft stung.
Thus youth pass'd away as in bondage—
A slave to a mother morose;
If I err'd, I was beat, in her blind rage,
When no one could then interpose.

How happy a child with a mother
Of parental tenderness pure!
Who, for her young offspring, comes over
A foe both to her's and to her.
A father, when left with young offspring,
In his absence a foe may preside—
A haughty, unfeeling, rude, wroth thing,
To bruise them, not feed them, beside!

Ye Widowers, choose you good women
To train up your children bereft!

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And labour to gain them a living;—
Poor children are sacred, when left.
Home peace is a pleasure most precious,
To spirits refined and chaste:
If we wish to enjoy it, then let us
Not mix with the low and debased.

For me, I am childless at present,
Although I have not been always;
And wifeless, yet very unpleasant,
But may be so now all my days.
Connubial comforts are vanish'd—
Alone in my cottage I dwell;
Keen anguish and trouble unbanish'd,
For those I loved dearly and well!

In childhood but poorly protected,
Through life, in the coal mines a slave;
By fair, cheering fortune rejected,
Sad losses and sorrows to brave.
Now aged, down life's rugged mountains
I'm travelling, nearly outworn;
No prospects of fortune's fair fountain
To delight me that e'er I was born.

O God of my fathers, defend me!
In thee I can only confide—
With blessings from heaven attend me!
And be thou my Helper and Guide!
When the life of this body shall fail me,
Almighty, this prayer be impress'd;
Then take me where angels shall hail me—
Where the weary are ever at rest!

Miners! wheresoe'er you be.

MINERS! wheresoe'er you be—
England, Wales, and Scotland free—
Now united be! and then
We may soon be better men!
Shun all strikes! restriction is

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The noble rule that wisdom gives;
Keep the markets low! and then
We may yet be better men.

Men consider Miners now
Ignorantly, vulgar, low;
Let us strive to rise! and then
This may make us better men.

Bills of Parliament are naught!
Independent be it wrought!
All unite in earnest! then
Men will see us better men.

To each other faithful be!
Confidence, sincerity,
Kept in view by all! and then
Time will show us better men.

We are slaves to indigence!
People say we have no sense!
Is it true? shame on us then!
Let us turn the scales like men!

Look at all our loss of life!
More than soldiers' war and strife!
Are we not quite worthy then
To be paid as best of men?

Breathing gases foul, which blight
Health, and lessen nature's might;
Working in a darksome den,
Daily, for our fellow men.

Rise! my Country men! arise!
Let's no more ourselves despise;
Naught is easier than I show,
Only keep the markets low!

What is Woman?

WHAT is Woman when she loves us?
A goddess, others all surpassing;
Kind in every course to move us,

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Infinitely sweet expressing.
Pleasing, charming, when addressing,
Man's orations far exceling;
As her actions, when caressing,
Closely to her bosom swelling.

Tender, merciful, and kind;
Beautifullest form on earth;
Sweet as is ambrosial wind;
Choicest consort 'mid all mirth.
Happiness and purest pleasure,
With politest modesty—
Richest of all earthly treasure—
Such my Esther is to me!

Soother in adversity,
'Mid misfortune's miseries keen—
True as when prosperity
Danced upon the hearthstone clean!
Never, never, deviating
From the level line of love;
Always cheering, smiles creating,
To delight her mated dove!

A Counsellor, to warn in time,
And plead against ensuing evil;
A Comforter, with wit sublime;
A Bosom Friend, to all most civil;
A noble mind, and graceful carriage;
Sound intellect at full command;
With features mild, and soft, and sage,
To look upon, and well refined;—
A virtuous woman's character—
Experience hath show'd me her.

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The Washing-Day.

The first verse is the chorus, and should be repeated every verse, or after singing every four lines.

OF all the days that's in the week,
Against I never say,
Save that which on my wife does speak—
It is the Washing-Day.

She rises with a countenance
As lovely as an Owl's!
And quickly round the house doth prance,
With quite a pair of souls.

The pots and pans she knocks about,
And water-tubs and mugs;
And everything that's in her route
She in her vengeance gogs.

And when I rise, and breakfast want,
Responsively she says—
In warmer eloquence than Grant
To public ears displays—

"I have no time to make thee aught!"
(And in a strain out roars,)
"Why doest thou bother me?—go out!"
And stamps, while out she pours.

Then off I leave her in her grief,
But far I cannot stray—
Keen appetite's got no relief:
Confound the Washing-Day!

When I return—the floor's to wash!
Her face—the rosy brier!
And if I speak, I hear a crash
Of eloquence of fire—

"Thou seest me in the midst of it!—
O pray thee go and stay!"
Of comfort I have ne'er a bit
Upon a Washing-Day!

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In Sacred Memory of

Richard Oastler,

The earnest and true Friend of the Factory Operatives who walked in procession from Peel's Park to Bradford, to uncover the Bust of that great and good man, on Saturday, May 15th, 1869.

While Oastler sleeps, his name shall live—
The Factory People are the donors—
He was their Friend, and now they bend
To give his dear name lasting honours.
Thus goodness, when the giver's dead,
Like rose leaves, scent when summer's fled.

I never thought, when first we met.

I NEVER thought, when first we met,
That thou would'st fail so soon!
Thou wert so lovely, firmly set,
So charmingly to one.
Thy passion and thy spirit mild,
So pure, so meek, and undefiled
By wanton deed or tone,
That one might think a frame like thine
Would not have sunk into decline.

'Twas thou the first impression made
Of love within my soul,
I ne'er attempted to evade,
But gave it full control.
So struck was I with Cupid's dart,
I felt the arrow at my heart!
And we were all in all;
For thou wert mild, and kind, and free,
And smiled consent in love to me.

And now I fancy I can see
Thee fair as thou wert then—

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A rose, in blooming purity,
That blooms in heaven again;
For thou wert in thy virgin prime,
As sweet as is the eglantine,
In garden, bower, or glen;
With tulip cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
And modest smiles, 'mid homely joys.

The happy meetings which we had
Ere we in wedlock join'd—
To meet so glad, to part so sad—
I long shall bear in mind.
Our tales of love, our sighs and vows,
While birds sang anthems on the boughs,
'Mid summer evening wind—
All nature seem'd to speak of love—
The flowers of earth, the stars above.

'Tis sweeter far to think of thee,
Blest with our early days,
Than aught beside that's known to me,
Remembrance can raise—
Not all the pleasures life has given
Since thou wert from my bosom riven,
One thousand part displays,
To those I then with thee enjoy'd—
So purely sweet, and unalloyd!

Time cannot taint our innate love,
So sacred and divine!
So intermingled, strongly wove,
Our souls, for aye to join.
Wherever love is firmly fix'd,
Not Death himself can stand betwixt!
To sever, nor untwine!
For, like some sweet, eternal flower,
Nor age can sear, nor time devour!

Or, like an everlasting rock,
Immoveable it stands!
Without decay, without a shock—
Naught breaks its steadfast bands!
As seasons move, it stronger grows—

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Cemented fast, it cannot loose,
But firmer hold commands!
With conquering wings, divinely given,
Attends true lovers up to heaven.

What, tho' some years have pass'd away
Since thou no more could'st be?
I scarcely ever pass a day
Without the thoughts of thee!
For ever since that hour to this—
In which thou gain'dst the realms of bliss,
For ever there to stay—
In mind, thy image oft I see,
That once was more than dear to me!

I cannot trace the dreary past
Without a heartfelt sigh;
I know the time is ebbing fast,
When I, like thee, must die.
Then, should our happy spirits meet
In brighter fields, more purely sweet,
Than seen by human eye,—
Our transport would again resume,
In holier love, where joys illume!

There, with our offspring, hand in hand,
Sweet, endless pleasures take;
Safe in that glorious heavenly land,
Grim Death no breach can make!
There, songs surpassing human praise,
The sinless saints in glory raise—
From countless voices break,
While angels' harps of golden string
Swell high the praise to God the King!

Though there thou art for ever gone,
From all thou knewest here,—
It soothes me when I am alone
To feel thou still art dear.
I would not try to wave a thought
Which has from our true union wrought,
Such would be too severe;
I cherish more a thought of thee

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Than all beside that comes to me!

I know not that if I could love
  Thee dearer than I did;
O had it been for me to prove!
  (But Heaven such forbade,)
What glorious days we had enjoyed,
Ere now, which never would have cloyed,
  My fair departed shade!
But I have borne the heavy loss,
And felt the long and bitter cross.

And saw disease thy beauty blast,
  And sink into decay;
Yet thou wert patient to the last—
  While reason held its sway;
And then beside thy couch I kept
And watch'd thee whil'st thou gently slept,
  Attentive night and day—
It was my duty such to do,
Those vigils I could not forego.

I cannot tell the searching grief
  Which press'd my spirit down
When I could not give thee relief—
  When thou with pain wert drawn:
Altho' I did not feel the pain
Which wrung thee o'er and o'er again,
  I felt what few have known—
I felt that overwhelming woe
Which kindly knitted souls—but know.

I saw thee breathe thy latest breath,
  And heard thy dying sighs—
Thy languid limbs sink into death,
  And close thy sparkling eyes;
And tho' amid the dreary scene
I o'er thy lifeless corse did lean,
  Felt trouble agonize—
My bosom grief was so severe,
For thee I could not shed a tear.

But since, in secret and alone,
  The tears that I have shed

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Have wet my pillow, with a groan,
  Laid in my widow'd bed.
For years it's been my sorrow's lot
To feel the overwhelming shot,
  Too searching to be said;
For O the love I bear for thee
Will live to all eternity!

Long may the brightest gems of Spring
  Adorn thy early grave!
The sweetest warblers o'er thee sing—
  The greenest grasses wave;
May busy infant, nimble feet
With joyfulness around thee meet
  To pass the hour they have,
And sing in innocent delight,
'Mid charming summer rosy light.

Life is but a Tiresome Toil.

LIFE is but a tiresome toil,
  Floods of sorrow drown its smile;
Its pleasures are surpassing brief—
A moment's joy, an hour's grief.
Its roses are beset with thorns,
A watery sun its scene adorns—
A dreamy walk, where seeming pleasures
Vie 'mid misers' tinsil treasures.
A garden, with few pleasing posies—
A grove, where grow fast-fading roses—
A vision drear of wiles and woes,
Which ends in pains of nature's laws.

A Hymn.

O THOU the Great Eternal God,
  To whom I bend my knees,
Whose finger guides each heav'nly globe,
  And rules a thousand seas.

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Whose eye surveys the spacious earth,
With all her cities piled;
And all her forests, waving forth,
For ages long hath smiled.

Thy matchless goodness smiles on all,
According to thy plan;
Indulgent God, o'er great and small,
O what is creature man.

That thou with thine own image blest,
And rank'd him next to thee?
"O, man," responds the great Behest,
"I made to worship me."

A Hymn.

GREAT Redeemer of my soul,
I would praise thy holy name—
At thy bleeding feet would fall,
Sinful, wretched, as I am.

Though my sins are numberless
As the stars which stud the sky—
Thou can'st pity my distress—
Hear my heart repentant sigh.

Thy compassion, who can tell?
Who thy tenderness declare?
All thy love for man reveal,
He thy glory is, and care.

Though I cannot comprehend
All thy love and matchless power—
I on thee may still depend
Safely to my dying hour.

Spring.

COME, weeping Spring, and let me hear thy sigh,
Thy radiant rainbow fling
Across the wide, expansive, changing sky,

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And drive cold winter's sting.

Come, infant Spring, with silver dew-drop mantle,
And spread thy rosy wing
O'er the green earth, around each piled temple,
Where lark and linnet sing.

Come, lovely Spring, with looks of cheerfulness,
And gladden my sad heart
With thy sweet, lovely, pure appearances,
Which joyfulness impart.

Come, smiling Spring, and robe the mountains round
With lovely blue-bells bright;
And heather rich impurpling the ground,
To give me pure delight.

Come, flowery Spring, of rosy tenderness,
Deck'd with thy garlands grand;
And let me see thee in thy splendour pass
Old Winter's white robes fann'd.

Come, joyous Spring, that I may hear thee sing
Among the woodlands green:
Thy rich, light-hearted melody may bring
A happiness serene.

Come, glorious Spring, in all thy colours gay,
And let me view thy pride—
The darling pride of all the year, sweet May—
Robed as a youthful bride.

Come, laughing Spring, with all thy merriment,
And ring the vales with mirth;
The mountains make rejoice at thy descent,
From east, west, south, and north.

Below yon Hill.

BELOW yon hill a cottage stands,
The silver moon is shining on it,
There lives the fairest of the land,
Thus Willy sang, without his bonnet.
Yon little cot below the hill

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Delights my spirit, just to see it;
For, O, the Lass that dwells there still
My heart from care her smile can free it

Her smile is lovely as the spring;
Her cheeks are like two roses blooming
Her glancing eyes inspiring;
Her modest manner quite becoming.

While shines the moon through azure skies,
Gay, beautifying hill and valley,
Yon bonny Lass I'll ne'er despise.
Thus Willy sang his love for Sally.

A Hunting Song.

WHEN Winter was reigning, and barren the ground,
The Hare sought for clover—not any she found—
She search'd and she listen'd—she heard the loud horn
Of sportsmen echoing, which wakes up the morn.

And now at its loud blast affrighted she starts—
Swift over the moorland in fury she darts;
The howl of the dogs, and the shout of the men,
She hears, and she bounds over hill and thro' glen.

A streamlet she crosses, which washes her feet,
Her scent the hounds loose, with high howlings they greet;
The huntsman comes galloping, puzzled and rash,
And scourges the hounds with his keen, cutting lash.

Till loud and still louder the welkin they ring,
Her scent again find, and the chase re-begin—
O'er moor and o'er moss, field and valley and hill,
Now glorious she leads them all day, to their fill.

Away, and away, over meadows they go;
She pants, and she boundeth as swift as a roe;
The hounds and the horses pursue the rash sport,
And eagerly follow the painful resort.

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She speedeth away to escape the fierce hounds,
And stronger, and lighter, and swifter, she bounds,
And leaves them behind her, all nearly out-done,
Tho' frighten'd too greatly to join in the fun.

As onward she hasteth, she homeward inclines,
To finish the race near her homely confines;
Thus she again gloriously crosses the stream,
And leaves her pursuers, of hunting to dream.

Stanza.

MAY I, ere age hath silver'd o'er
These fading-brows of mine,
Enjoy that ease unknown before—
Hard daily toil resign.
Yet, thou, Most High, should'st thou deny,
O give me strength always
To earn my bread, while such I need,
Until my latest days!

Our Green Lanes I Love.

OUR green lanes I love, and bright blossoming trees!
Their leaves trembling in the sunshine;
Where the peasant's fair cottage is shelter'd by these,
I would such a dwelling was mine.

Experience has taught me to value those charms,
Where Nature rejoices in peace
In the rich, breezy valley, among the fair farms,
Producing the corn and the fleece.

O, sweet is the lay of the lark at the dawn!
Ere the sun sends his beaming of gold;
And fragrant the breeze of the flowery lawn,
And lovely the spring to behold.

In the green, shady valley at leisure to live,
How happy my days I could spend!

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Bright roseate scenes fresh pleasures would give
To me, in my walks with a friend.

As the Sun in his glory inclines to the west
To finish the round he began,
Life's labour, and glory, and care, are, at best,
But a day of experience to man.

How poor and imperfect are all his designs!
He ne'er to perfection attains—
The greatest, the wisest, of mortals that shines,
His highest ambition ne'er gains.

Let nothing but dignified manliness rule
My ways and my actions through life;
A cheerful and humble, pure-hearted, kind soul
May shield me from danger and strife.

Then let me shake hands with a friend in the glen,
Where meadows in beauty are seen,
Where happiness humbles the minds of good men,
And kindness ennobles the scene.

When Ghosts.

WHEN ghosts and funerals were seen
By daring men, on Saint Mark's e'en;
When in procession, to the rule,
Through the church-yard and vestibule;
And if a viewing mortal spoke,
Saint Mark's magic spell was broke,
And all evanish'd from the eye
As quick as star falls from the sky—
As quick as sound starts from the bell
The instant when the hammer fell—
Or as my soaring thought to heaven,
Where holy saints are all forgiven.
To see such sights, who dared to go?
I dare not, for my life,—wo!—wo!
When padfoots came, in winter nights—
When moon and stars withheld their lights—
And in the neighbourhoods were seen,

Digitized by Google

With bear-like forms and saucer eyen,
And would not even stand awry
For none but pregnant women nigh—
Then, out at night, who dared to go?
I dare not, for my life,—wo!—wo!
When fairies danced at close of day
In valleys low and gloomily,
And in some house would sometimes peep
To see if all were fast asleep;
And, if they were, in all would leap,
And sometimes they would dance and play,
And keep their vigils e'en till day;
And if they found the hearth-stone clean,
Would leave a present to be seen—
But who could live so long ago?
I could not, for my life,—wo!—wo!
But now Saint Mark's mysterious spell,
Which seem'd so resurrectional,
Year after year now passes on,
Or sinks in deep oblivion;
For witty ghosts, and goblins grim,
Like mortals, weary grow of whim,
Get of themselves a good opinion,
And settle in their own dominion.
The padfoots, when blue bobbies came,
Well knowing they resembled game,
Assembled on Tong Moor's rough grass,
Where each transform'd into an ass.
When dancing fairies saw all this
Impending on their nightly bliss—
When every house and valley deep
Were watch'd where they did vigils keep—
They met; agreed to quickly trip,
And sail away upon a ship.

The Undertaker.

WITH measured step and solemn face,
An Undertaker's tearless grace,

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A gentle voice, his clothing smart,
A saintish look, a lion's heart,
A modest way of earning bread
Between the living and the dead.

His hearse a gloomy funeral pile,
An obsequious, mournful style;
The nodding plumes, of raven hue,
Still make the scene a ghastlier view;
The richly silver'd trappings shine
To make the sight look more divine.

Now see him mounted in his chair—
A demigod, of heart despair—
With whip in hand, and reins to guide,
Horses and hearse now move in funeral pride.

She Wore a Crown of Flowers.

SHE wore a crown of flowers,
As gay as heaven's bow
And [illegible] showers,
When [illegible] whispers low;
She th[illegible] glory
Of [illegible] vestal glow.

Her eyes [illegible] as the vesper
That [illegible] in the blue;
The lily did invest her,
Blended with rosy hue;
Her fair locks, golden tresses,
Her form was fair to view.

Her smile was like the morning,
When birds rejoice in spring,
The glowing sun adorning,
The branching woodlands ring;
Her sweet voice, music pouring,
Did gladness with it bring.

This fair, divine-like creature,
In robes of silken shine,
More gay than gaudy nature

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Was lovely Proserpine—
A goddess fair, in feature,
Walking the flow'ry scene.

Lines to Shakespeare.

GREATEST Bard, the most refined,
Painter of the human mind,
In thy works of polish'd wit
I can see thee smile in it,
Nobly, cheerful, friendly, mild—
As a father in his child;
While thy portrait, manly, fine,
Tells me thou wert half divine.

I Trace thy Works.

I TRACE Thy works where'er I be,
In star, and flower, and spreading tree—
In infant Spring—in Summer's pride—
In Autumn's grandeur, far and wide—
In Winter, clad in frosted snow—
The spangled heavens glorious glow—
The golden Sun, that rises red,
And darts his beams o'er nature dead,
And walks the sky, in splendour dress'd,
As gloriously sinks in the west.
I trace Thy works in mines below,
When sunbeams lustre never glow—
Where night's rich ornaments ne'er shine
To cheer the darkness of the mine.
How marvellous, Great God, thy skill!
These hidden treasures quite fulfil!
Thy providential mind foresaw
Man's wants, according to thy law.

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O Yes she is gone!

My Daughter Mary Ann died March 23rd, 1867, in her 22nd year; she was born April 26th, 1845.

O YES she is gone! I must see her no more—
She is gone to the land of the dead,
Where Death in dark silence is reigning all o'er,
There only the worm is fed.

The Spring may rejoice in her blossoming trees,
And smile 'mong her garlands of flowers,
Their fragrance may blend with the soft, swelling breeze,
But to meet again must not be ours—

O no!—not on earth, for she rests in the grave,
But her spirit has gone to its God,
To join the bright throng where there is not a slave
To disease, pain, nor death, no abode.

Could my tears wash the grief of my spirit away,
My anguish might die out again;
But my fair, blooming daughter, as lovely as May,
She is gone—O my dear Mary Ann!

For I know that her sire was as dear to her heart
As a child to a parent can be;
O why have I lost her?—why did she depart?
My Mary Ann!—could'st thou hear me?

Alone I am left in the world, without child
To soothe me in life's dull decline!
I feel like a stranger uncared for, exil'd,
To wander alone and repine!

Written on reading "The Burial of Burns," a Poem by John Kay Taylor, 1847.

WHAT praise, what honour, and what glory!
How high thy name hath risen since thy fall!
I read and read again the grandest story
That I have read of, writ on honour's scroll;
And I will give thee honour great as any;

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Among the rest, no one upon this ball
Hath wrought for fame, like thee, among the many,
And thou art worthy, long as ages roll,
Or long as Scotland owns a worthy soul!

I'll call upon the Lord for help.

I'LL call upon the Lord for help,
Who form'd yon starry frame,
The gay green earth, the spacious seas,
And light and life and name.

I'll call upon the Lord for help,
In ev'ry trying hour—
When overwhelming troubles come
With proud, prevailing pow'r.

I'll call upon the Lord for help,
To show me wisdom's ways—
In knowledge, goodness, truth, and light,
To bless my future days.

I'll call upon the Lord for help—
Clear instinct to bestow,
The right to choose, the wrong refuse,
Where e'er so e'er I go.

I'll call upon the Lord to take
Me to eternal rest
Ere old age comes, with frowning want,
To make me sore opprest.

An Acrostic.

METHINKS how blest thou art! and when
Years are no more here known to me,
My Mother, we shall meet again!
O'er death rejoice triumphantly!
There we shall see our Saviour, God,
High on his throne of majesty!
Every Sykes a blest abode—
Round heaven's throne our family!

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Lines.

SEE the battle I have won!
All the armies of the Lord
Raise their banners! Sister, come
And receive the welcome word!
Happy Saint!—thou soon shalt meet
Shining hosts; thy spirit greet:
Yonder—hark!—the trumpets blow!
"Now I hear," the saint replies,
"Enough!—on angels' wings I go!
Singing as I heavenward rise!"

Now Smiling May.

NOW smiling May bedecks the dells,
Blue as the sky the bonny bells;
Here many a minion flower excels,
In rustic grandeur.
To listen wild wood warblers' spells,
Away I wander.

Before the glorious, soothing sun,
His shining, daily course has run,
Among the meads I must begone,
Where pleasing pleasure
Invites my fancy there alone
'Mong Nature's treasure.

Green, tender herbage, grass and flowers,
The singing birds in woody bowers,
The rustling leaves, the sunny hours,
My heart delighting;—
Here all around in varied showers,
Beauties uniting.

The sparkling rainbow's pleasing span—
Bright covenant 'tween God and man,
To never drown the world again—
Shows man God's glory;
Thus I must own that God doth reign
Supremely o'er me.

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The joyous lark expands his wings,
High in the air melodious sings,
His evening anthem pleasure brings,
A spell of gladness;
Joyful the shining welkin rings,
Dispensing sadness.

Migrating covies, from afar,
Returning with the infant year;
Again the cuckoo calls to cheer
Our hills and valleys,
Delighting all both far and near,
To hear his sallies.

The hills around in verdure shine,
The purple heath, the sweet woodbine,
The budding rose, the eglantine,
Their sweets diffusing;
Green leafy trees outspreading twine,
For man's amusing.

The lofty woods gigantic wave
Their mighty arms, which boldly brave
United storms which round them rave
In howling winter;
While ocean's foam, and rivers' lave,
Ships' bulwarks splinter.

From flower to flower the humming bees
Fling harmony upon the breeze,
The smiling even' rejoicing sees
All-glorious Nature
Array Spring in varieties,
To glad each creature.

But now the sun is gliding fast
In princely grandeur down the west,
His changeful, glittering, golden vest,
So richly blending
With earth and sky: he sinks to rest—
My story ending.

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The Shepherd to his Dog.

Composed July 23rd, 1847.

COMPANION of my loneliest hours and rambles,
Through trackless regions thou dost bravely dare,
O'er misty mountains wild thou gaily gambols,
In all my hardships willingly dost share;
Bounds o'er the bourning brook thy pliant feet,
Enraptured climb the bank and rocky steep.

My guide through Alpine deserts bleak and bare,
Thy watchful eyes look o'er my timid sheep,
And when at ease I breathe the balmy air,
Thou gaily takest thy playful, heeling leap,
Swift as the roe thou ringest o'er the plain,
Return'st with joy to meet my feet again.

Unity.

ARTISANS of ev'ry trade—
From the compass to the spade—
Toiling hard for honest bread,
All united be!
Subtle tyrants try each sheme
Which may be devised by them,
All a poor man's rights to claim—
His rights of unity.

Shrink not for fell tyrants' frowns,
Tell them that we are not clowns,
Show them all we wear the crowns
Of hard industry!
Show them we have self-respect,
And we tyranny reject,
With manly dignity protect
Home and family.

Masters all combine as one,
That they may not be undone,
Shows oppression they begun,
Now they all unite.

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While the vital glow remains
In our earnest, manly veins,
Let us strive to break the chains
Of oppression's might!

Men of ev'ry trade, arise!
Never unity despise;
When we freely taste her joys,
How happy we shall be!
Let no traitor's voice be heard,
Sing this song of true regard—
Liberty is still revered,
And peaceful unity!

I cast away the mourning weed.

I CAST away the mourning weed
For thee, my Mary Ann,
But still thy death will always feed
My heart with care and pain.

The sorrow that my soul hath borne
Since thou departedst hence,
Hath made me feel and look forlorn—
Alone in deep silence!

If thou had'st lived, my days to bless,
I then had happy been!
But now a life of hard distress
Makes here a hopeless scene.

For oft I view thy image fair,
When in thy virgin bloom;
And then again, in deep despair,
I see thee in the tomb.

If all departed spirits see
The living upon earth,
And if their holy power can be
A healing balm of worth—

To those who cared for them while here,
And mourn their absence now,—

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O come and soothe thy father dear
In all his lonely woe!

I composed this Ode after reading Lundhill's awful Explosion, February 19th, 1857.

FROM the green hill that looks on thy once lovely vale,
Wombwell, I beheld thee when awful as hell—
'Twas the wild fire that fed on the youthful and brave,
When the sulphurous gas in its vengeance did rave,
For the flame from the bowels of earth did ascend,
And had spread desolation that naught can amend;
For the dreadful explosion the valley did shake,
Like the terrific heave of a mighty earthquake;
And the spirit of horror presides o'er the vale,
And nothing is heard but a languishing wail.
And the stranger is seen on the hill where I view'd
With awe the destructive, wild vicissitude;
But the groans of the dying, O who can declare?
In that dark, dismal mansion where now they all are!
The son and the sire, the neighbour and friend,
Together have met a most untimely end;
For the sufferers now in death-silence all sleep,
And the widow and orphan disconsolate weep!
But may Pity soon come with her blessings to cheer
The mother and fatherless stricken with care.

Sometimes I think.

SOMETIMES I think there's nothing else
But poverty for me;
Life's potent storms as quickly come
As tempests on the sea.
And often I have noticed this—
If e'er I happy feel,
Ere long a shower of sorrow falls,
With many a thunder peal.

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The life of man resembles much
A stormy April day—
No sooner shines the soothing sun
Than clouds impede his way.
And those who happiest are on earth,
Have crosses, many a one;
So life at best is but a scene
Of care and strife, when done.

THE END.

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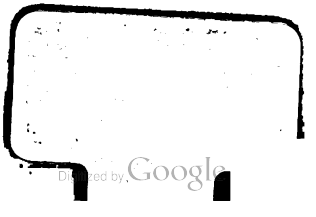
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